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APRIL, MAY,
JUNE, 1917

The CHANNEL

An International Quarterly of Occultism,
Spiritual Philosophy of Life, and the
Science of Superphysical Facts

EDITOR - MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHNER

A Discarnate Mystery

A Book by Mark Twain's Ghost
(Psychically Received)

War, Its Reason and Purpose

A Hercules Magician

Ancient and Modern Healing

For Full Contents, see inside cover

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Contents

		Page
The Apostle of the Fourth Dimension	Henry Hotchner	1
Zoroaster, the Lightgiver	M. Musaeus Higgins	6
A Discarnate Mystery	Theodore Stearns	13
To Helios (poem)	E. Christina Lauder	23
The War, Its Reason and Purpose	Leonard Bosman	25
A Hercules Magician	Marie Russak Hotchner	33
Did Francis St. Alban Die in 1626?	Ernest Udny, M. A.	41
The Angel of Death (poem)	Louise R. Waite	45
Science of Occult Healing		46
White Light (poem)	Marguerite Percy	56
Out of the Everywhere—	The Editor	57
Om! Mani Padme Hum!		57
A Buddhist School for Girls		59
Reconstruction of Science		60
Sir Conan Doyle a Spiritist		61
A Book by Mark Twain's Ghost		62
The Death of Papus		66
A Winter Night's Tale (poem)		67
Reviews:		
Raymond, or Life and Death	Sir Oliver Lodge	71
Hungry Stones	Rabindranath Tagore	83
Correspondence:		
The Law of Opposites		89
The Ouija Board		92
Psychic Events:		
Mysterious Transportation of a Relic	M. H.	93
Death or Life? (An Actual Experience)		94
A Curate's Experiences		95
The Two Worlds	Percy Dearmer	97
Partial Contents of Future Numbers		102

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The Apostle of the Fourth Dimension

Recollections of C. H. Hinton

Henry Hotchner

WHEN my friend, Mr. Leadbeater (to whom I am indebted for so much that has been helpful in an occult way), told me nearly sixteen years ago that Mr. Hinton's books were a great aid to a better understanding of the metaphysics of the astral plane, I lost no time in reading his *Scientific Romances;* and very unique and instructive it proved. Mr. Leadbeater added that he knew of a number of people whose intellectual consciousness had been so much expanded from the effort to understand the "four space" as expounded by Mr. Hinton, that they had gained some degree of clairvoyance—or, to give it its less opprobrious scientific designation, lucidity.

I may candidly confess here and now that it had no such result in my case. Its primary effect was usually a headache, increasing in violence in exact ratio to the length of time in which I tried to cram four-dimensional conceptions into a decidedly three-dimensional brain. Its secondary effect was to make me admire Mr. Hinton enthusiastically; for an author whose logic compels you to accept a theory that you cannot mentally conceive must be a wizard indeed!

It was several years later that I went to Washington, D. C., to give a series of Theosophical lectures. At the conclusion of the

first one a friend approached the platform, accompanied by a tall, middle-aged, distinctly intellectual-looking gentleman. "This is Mr. Hinton," said he. "Mr. Hinton of the fourth dimension?" queried I. It was. I looked at him with awe, and yet with a certain amount of surprise. He seemed entirely normal, and the customary three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness, surrounded and pervaded him in the usual way. If he brought with him the additional dimension about which he wrote with such familiarity, I did not perceive it. There were perhaps traces of it in his great shyness at my enthusiastic praise of his work, and there was almost positive proof when he offered to explain it to me in person and invited me to visit him. I was three-dimensional enough to accept at once.

When we met at his home he presented me to Mrs. Hinton and his sons, and then told me that for years his dominant interest had been in mathematics; that he had been an instructor in Princeton University and, as I remember, in the University of Tokio. "But my enthusiasm," he went on to explain, "has never been very great for the ordinary branches of the science; in fact, it wearied me to teach the same rudiments year after year, and I got so that I almost began to believe them! I must admit that I spent most of my spare times in dwelling upon the abstract side of mathematics, and more especially the theory of the fourth dimension."

Mr. Hinton then described how, year after year, the possibilities of his subject unfolded. He had not confined himself merely to his speculations; he had tried to devise apparatus which might clarify his thoughts and possibly help to prove some of the points. "Yes," interrupted one of his sons, "I remember that when we were little fellows in Japan, Father built a sort of scaffolding against the side of our house. It consisted of long poles of bamboo arranged vertically and horizontally and tied together so that they made a number of huge squares. Then Father made brother and me climb up on it and get into this square or that, and we would have to scramble from one end of it to the other in order to help him test his ideas. Sometimes he would get into such deep thought that he would forget all about us and leave us perched in some precarious position for hours!"

Mr. Hinton smiled reminiscently and then explained that all those crude early steps had clarified the problem in his mind and had enabled him, as he hoped, to make it easier for others now to understand. "For," said he, "I am convinced that the world of three dimensions, as we ordinarily conceive it, is not the only world in which we live, but that there is this fourth dimension outside of our usual consciousness, which has infinitely greater possibilities

if we can only comprehend it." I assented with vehemence, stating that the fourth dimension must be synonymous with the astral plane of the occultist, the realm inhabited by the surviving personality of those whom we call dead. Eagerly I told him of my earnest wish to help in the public propaganda of that other world in order that people might understand that death is not oblivion but the continuation of life, and that we should in time meet those who had passed on before. (When one is very young, one talks to geniuses; when older, one listens to them!)

When I paused, he was silent for a moment; then he told me that his interest in the fourth dimension was entirely mathematical and subjective and that he had not really considered whether it was the realm of objective intelligences or not. I hope I was polite enough not to show the disappointment which I felt, for to my limited way of thinking it was quite uninteresting to spend so many years in proving that an invisible world exists, and then leave it absolutely unpeopled!

An amusing aftermath was that Mr. Hinton attended my next lecture on the subject of the life beyond death. After its conclusion he said to me, "To tell you the truth I don't know why I came; I don't believe a word you say, but I rather like the way you say it!" An occultist might think that maybe Mr. Hinton's fourth-dimensional self was guiding him to the recognition that we come nearer to truth when subjective *and* objective, positive *and* negative, are both perceived.

The next time I visited Mr. Hinton he was in the midst of proofs of his new book, *The Fourth Dimension* (John Lane, New York). He considered this the best exposition of his favorite subject, in that it gave graduated steps whereby the reader could approach a clear perception of four space; a large number of special diagrams had been devised and a chart of colored figures. He said that if readers would objectivize some of these forms in paper or cardboard, it would aid their imagination. Then he went to a cupboard and took out a set of small colored cubes and slabs which had been made for his use.

Now began a condensed, but a very wonderful lesson in the fourth dimension. First a brief but clear exposition of the preliminary theory; then a more rapid journey from the first simple steps to the more advanced conceptions, accompanied by elementary and then by more complicated manipulations of the cubes. It was perfectly lucid, but a little too rapid; it bewildered me—but pity the tyro sitting at the feet of the master of a profound subject! It

was an intellectual exercise never to be forgotten; the eyes strained to follow his facile fingers as he quickly changed the relationship of the colored blocks, commencing from known combinations in three dimensions and proceeding to hypothetical combinations in four; the ears were equally stimulated by his oral explanations. The mind, utilizing these two senses to the utmost, did its best to overleap the three-dimensional barriers to which ages of heredity had limited it, and tried to see with him, hear with him, feel with him, think with him, in his magnificent conception of a world infinitely larger than that of our normal ken. In his effort he stretched our three-dimensional language to its uttermost; with his gestures, his intensity, his lucidity, he wrung an enlarged meaning out of every word, and somehow added a fourth-dimensional interpretation where the old was inadequate. And so he carried me on the wave of his surety and his conviction until for a moment I *did* see with him, hear with him, feel with him, think with him, in that greater consciousness. I experienced the exaltation, the wider view, the touch of infinitude; but it was to a subjective world that he had brought me; I saw no colors, no aura, no entity—for it was the realm of pure reason, the level of formless thought.

Then came the inevitable reaction, and for a few moments I was mentally tired and hushed. Expressing my gratitude, I asked Mr. Hinton what special advice he would give to beginners in the study. He replied, "I should suggest that they have a set of these cubes and slabs made, for I have found that the physical contact with them, the very act of moving them about in the manner described in my book, is a decided help to the mind and that it gives one a 'feeling' of the fourth dimension which otherwise is not possible." I queried further, "How has the study of this subject altered your general outlook upon life and upon people?" He answered—and after this long lapse of years I am giving only the sense of his conversation, not the actual words—"It has given me a very much broader attitude towards events and towards men; in my judgments I find I allow more latitude than formerly for factors which may not be clearly apparent. I always feel that there is in every event and in everybody this additional dimension which, if clearly perceived and calculated, would make our impressions of things much clearer and wiser than at present." Quietly, not boastingly, he said this, but he said it as a man may who speaks from the experience born of realization.

Some years passed before we met again, this time in New York City, when there was opportunity for only a brief chat. He was on his way to lecture on his special subject to a group of Columbia Uni-

versity professors, and had with him a little handbag with the set of cubes in it. I told him how much pleasure I had derived from the set which he had given me years before, and we spoke of what the intervening years had brought; to him, the all too slow recognition and popularizing of his great concepts; to me, the opportunity, among others, to expound his doctrine to the interested few here and there in the course of many journeyings throughout America. "I am thinking of the future," he said; "not of any fame for myself, but I do wish that someone would dedicate his life to carrying on these four-dimensional ideas after my death." And making some complimentary remark about my appreciation of his work, he added "Why don't *you* do it?" Alas! apart from my mathematical unfitness for the task, I had to explain that I had already pledged my poor services to Theosophy, but that I should consider it a privilege to further his work whenever opportunity offered. And so we parted with mutual assurances of friendship, each going along his chosen line of devotion to an ideal of truth and service.

A strong, quiet, unassuming man—a genius, with few about him to understand and to encourage; indifferent to the commonplace, interested only in the abnormal. Only recently I had a conversation about him with the Dean of Mathematics in the University of Minnesota, where Mr. Hinton also taught for a time. "No one could help liking Mr. Hinton," said he; "but I must say that he was not enthusiastic about the routine work of his class; he seemed to keep his mental strength for his special researches which, after all, were a bit fantastical." Clearly, not everyone is "ready" for the fourth dimension. I could not help remarking (though it awakened no response in the worthy three-dimensional Dean) that it was a pity some generous soul could not endow such geniuses as Mr. Hinton, freeing them from the grind of commonplace tasks that many others can do, and leaving them to devote their entire time to the work of supernormal intellection.

Methinks Mr. Hinton was to the world of space what the cubists are to the world of art—a forerunner of a finer and a brighter age. Not very long ago he died—to our three-dimensional perceptions; but many will believe that he lives vividly in his familiar world of four space—the astral plane of the occultist—continuing his unique investigations, and preparing to return to earth to proclaim his special message with even greater clearness to the large number who will then be ready to receive it.

Zoroaster the Lightgiver*

M. Musaeus Higgins

[This is the life of Zoroaster, the Persian Prophet, compiled from several books which have been written by Parsees or by others who honor the religion of the Parsees and give testimony to its excellence. There existed, it is said, six philosophers of the name of Zoroaster, but of all of these the one who is recognized as Zarathushtra, the Lawgiver of the Parsees, is the supreme one. He was born at Rae, in Media, and he flourished in Bactria. His teachings are written in the Avesta language, then used in Persia, which empire was at that time half the size of modern Europe. The most illustrious period of the empire was the thousand years from 1,300 B. C., the reign of King Goutasp of the Xayamian Dynasty, to the overthrow of the empire by Alexander the Great. For 566 years after its fall, the religion of Zoroaster declined, until revived in 226 A. D. by Ardeshir Babehan, who collected the sacred books and caused them to be translated into Pehlevi, the language then current in Persia. He built fire temples and restored the ancient religion which flourished for 416 years again, until the Arabs invaded Persia in 651 A. D., and Kalif Omar destroyed most of the religious books.]

IN THE CITY of Rae in Media, on the banks of the river Darje, there lived many, many years ago, a pious couple; the man's name was Pourushaspa (or Parshasp) and his wife's, Dogdho. Pourushaspa had the reputation of living a deeply righteous life, and his wife was a good and devout woman. They were very happy together but had no children, and their great wish was to have a son; a son whom they wished to bring up to become a great teacher of the law, for there was much idolatry practiced in the whole land and they thought there was a great necessity for the purification of the religious system. Pourushaspa was in deep meditation praying ardently for a son who should become a great teacher. It is said that an angel came and brought him a cup of wine or thome-juice

*_The Channel_ has no official connection with any sect, society, or creed, but periodically it publishes articles on various religious, philosophic, and scientific movements contributed by authoritative representatives. As it is the purpose of _The Channel_ to disseminate truth, it is glad to act in this informative capacity.

(still used by the Parsee priests in the Yana ceremonies), which he drank and then received the promise of a son to be born to him in answer to his prayer, as a reward for his extreme piety. Dogdho also prayed ardently for a son, and one night she dreamed a tragic dream, but which ended in delight. This is what she dreamed:

She looked up to heaven, and saw a big cloud arising, dark and threatening. It covered even the sun, and spread over all the sky as if the judgment day had come. All was dark and Dogdho trembled with fear. Then from the threatening cloud came forth tigers, wolves, bulls, wild horses, dragons and big birds of prey, and in their midst there stood a demon fierce and wild. This demon rushed to Dogdho and tore a sweet, smiling child from her lap. Though the demon grasped it with his unholy claws, the child did not seem frightened; it laughed. Dogdho tried to scream and tear the babe from the demon's hands, but she could neither scream nor move; it was as if she slept entranced. Awakening tremblingly she saw the child resting at her breast. Wonder of wonders! it whispered: "Do not fear, God is my Protector and no demons or wild beasts will hurt me. I shall conquer them all. Watch for my second coming." Then the babe was gone! The mother looked up to heaven again and lo! instead of the black cloud of death, a hill appeared in the sky and from its side a bright light burst forth that scattered all the clouds around. In this bright light, shining like the sun, an angelic form appeared, holding in its right hand a wand from which dazzling light came forth. All demons and wild beasts, seeing this light, fled in terror. The shining figure with the blazing wand had conquered them all!

Again a sweet whisper from the heavenly child: "Be comforted, my mother, none can injure me; I conquer them all. Arise and pray for the mercy of the Heavenly King; I shall be born thy son. In future ages the people shall bless thee for my sake. Protected and sent by Ahura-Mazda, no harm can come to me, till my mission is fulfilled." After these words of encouragement, the heavenly messenger was gone—and Dogdho awoke.

She rose in awe and wonder from the couch, and with uplifted hands she prayed. Then sweet peace and comfort came to her; and after she told her wondrous dream to her husband, they both wandered forth to find a sage to interpret it. The sage looked awed, and bowing to Dogdho said: "The stars tell me thou shalt be mother of a wondrous child. He will scatter with his shining wand all foes of mankind. He will be a Teacher of the world, inspired of God, and his teachings will last for centuries. Purity will be the foundation of all his scriptures; and a great righteous king will come, who will

accept his teachings, and his wisdom will spread over the known world. Happy the woman who shall have such a son! I see this in the stars; I speak only what is right and true, for there it stands written in holy language. I shall not live to see his greatness," the sage concluded, "but myself and my belongings I sacrifice to him."

Humbly bowing down, the pious couple left the sage. They pondered over his prophecy and over the vision of the night; and in awe and wonder Dogdho awaited the birth of her son.

Zoroaster's Birth

When the time drew near that a child was to be born to Dogdho, her friends became anxious about her, for she seemed strange. Still she was calm and joyous, for she ever remembered her vision and the words the sage had spoken.

It was midnight and the moon shone full upon her couch when the babe was born. He was a beautiful child, and strange to say, when he saw the moon he burst out into a silvery laugh instead of a wail as other children do when they first come into earthly life. He stretched out his little arms (to catch the moon methinks), and smiled and looked about; he did not sleep at once. The friends stood wonderingly around in fear and awe. "What does this mean?" the women whispered, "such a child we never saw! If his dear mother should die, then *we* want the child because he must bring luck to anyone, with such a sweet smile on his lovely face." But the mother did not die, and the women told this tale around, for never had an infant been born that laughed aloud when other babies wail and cry and sleep.

The magicians, who were very powerful in the land at that time, became afraid for they knew that the parents of this newly born child were high caste. Pourushaspa was a member of the family of Spitama, a descendant of King Feridun of the Peshdadian dynasty of Persia. He was the great grandson of Haechataspa, the fourth descendant of Spitama. And when they named the child *Spitama Zoroaster*, the magicians understood that the parents knew of his high birth, and they feared that they might aspire for their son to become a great leader or perhaps a king. They feared their power might thus be lost; for what kind of *man* would he become who *laughed* when he was born? "He must not live," they all agreed, and then made a great plot against the babe's life.

Persecutions of the Child Zoroaster

At the head of the magicians, and the king of the country, was then Daran-Sarun, wicked but learned. When he heard of the wonderful occurrence of the birth of Zoroaster he became alarmed, for he

knew of his illustrious descent from Spitama. Fearing that he might later on aspire to the throne, he made up his mind that the child should die before he reached manhood. He mounted his horse and rode swiftly to the house where the babe was born, and demanded to see it. He looked at the beautiful child, who gazed at the king with steady eyes. The king saw with the eyes of his mind that his dark magical powers would fade away if this child should grow up; for the light of Ahura-Mazda was in the steady eyes of this wonderful child. "He must not live," the king murmured, "otherwise all my schemes and those of my followers will be ruined. Take him from his cot," cried the angry king, and drew his dagger to cut off the head of the child. But lo! his hand withered, his dagger fell to the ground, and he fled in terror.

But the magicians, instigated by the king, plotted the destruction of the child. All combined; they stole the child and bore it to the desert to burn it alive. The magicians piled up wood and put in camphor and yellow brimstone, and lighted the fire. They put the sleeping child on the pile and left him thus, supposing that the helpless infant would surely burn to death. They reported to the king what they had done, and the king and his dark followers rejoiced.

But what happened to the child Zoroaster? Was he burned to death? No, a miracle took place. The flames instead of flaring up hot, grew cool and fanned the sleeping child. He slept on, and thus was found by the distracted mother who, wailing and crying for her lost child, had run into the desert. Her tears extinguished the remaining embers, and in rapture she clasped the child to her breast and ran home to hide the darling of her heart. "The King of all the heavens sheltered thee, my babe, my son, for thou art pure and holy. Thus God will shelter all those who are pure," the happy mother whispered.

But the magicians by foul, devilish incantations found out that the child lived, and they made another plot to kill him. They saw that they could not destroy him by fire, so they tried another scheme.

They enticed the father away and made the watching mother sleep; then they took the child and put it down in a very narrow road through which the village cattle always passed early in the morning, on their way to the well known meadows to find their daily food. The cruel magicians thought the child would surely thus be trampled to death. But a very strange thing occurred. The leader of the cattle, a savage bull, when he saw the smiling babe lying helpless just before his feet, stood still and bellowed, and thus stopped the whole herd from following him. He stood over the child, who, fanned by the soft ears of the leading cow which also stood near him, fell asleep

protected by the subdued leaders of the herd. Thus the horror-stricken mother found her babe; frantic with fear she had followed in the track of the magicians who had made her sleep, that they might steal her child.

Foiled again in his evil designs, the King Daran-Sarun now made a special strange concoction in which the magicians then dipped their cloaks to make themselves invisible; for they could not succeed in any other way again to beguile the watching mother. They stole the child once more, and this time they were sure that its life would not be spared. They threw Zoroaster under the feet of a herd of wild horses which were galloping in a big pasture. But a beautiful mare, the mother of a lively foal, would not let the other horses get near the infant; she stood over it and protected it against their kicking feet. Thus the magicians, helped even by demons, could not hurt the divinely-protected future Teacher.

Daran-Sarun, again disappointed, was furious, and threatened his followers with awful punishments if they did not kill this unusual child. Being a hunter he knew the place in the forest where there was a den of wolves. He sent his men to kill all the young cubs, and thus made the wolves specially fierce. Then he ordered his vilest followers to kidnap the child again, which they succeeded in doing. They threw him among the she-wolves, angered at the loss of their young.

But when the child was in their midst, he did not scream as other children would have done; but he smiled, and called out the name of Ahura-Mazda. The she-wolves stopped as if commanded; they sat in a circle round the child but did not touch him. For a long time he lay thus surrounded by the now subdued she-wolves. At last the searching mother, who by this time had practically given up all hope of finding her vanished son, heard a sweet, cooing sound; then a most amazing sight met her eyes when she bent back the bushes in answer to it; her Zoroaster was playing and talking to the wolves, who sat around him, touching his hands and feet with their rough paws as he rolled over in play. Was ever such sight seen before? He was again safe, thanks to divine protection! She sank on her knees and prayed, and then gently lifting up her child she bore it home. It was as if he were born for the second time to her.

Foiled again in their attempt to kill Zoroaster, the wicked king and the black magicians were at a loss what to do. There lived a greater yogi, with stronger powers than theirs, so the king consulted him to ask how he could destroy this child, who he felt would be a danger to his kingdom if he grew to manhood. Bartarush, the old

wizard, shook his head: "You cannot kill his body because his mind is great," he said, and because he is to be the Teacher of the World. Have a care! O King, and mend thy ways, for thy time is short; a righteous king will soon come and he will be the protector of Zoroaster. He will accept his teachings and will allow them to be spread over the known world. You cannot kill this child."

The king was very angry and would not listen, but plotted on with his vile followers. He made some dreadful plans for the destruction of Zoroaster, but none of them succeeded, because the child disappeared and nobody knew where he had gone. It happened thus:

The parents were convinced that their child had to be hidden somewhere out of reach of its enemies. There lived a wise and good magician, Daran-Karun, on the mountain, who heard of the persecutions of the king. He came down from his hermitage and offered the parents of Zoroaster to keep the child with him until the age of seven. He said that its worst time of danger would then be passed. The parents, seeing the necessity of parting with him, consented, and the child was taken to the hermitage of Daran-Karun, where he lived hidden and safe as they had planned.

Zoroaster Returns to His Home

When Zoroaster was seven years old he was brought back to his parents, who greatly rejoiced to see their child so fair and strong. But as soon as the king Daran-Sarun heard that he was alive, he ordered the wizard Bartarush to teach Zoroaster black-magical rites, so that the wise child, instead of becoming a great white magician (as had been prophesied even by Bartarush himself) might learn the black art and become a destroyer, instead of a Redeemer. Even though he was a child, Zoroaster realized their aims, and a physical illness was the sole result of their black magic; his soul remained pure. Bartarush's evil designs having been disclosed, he left in fear and trepidation.

But as soon as the other magicians heard of his illness they tried to poison Zoroaster with drugs, collected under the moon in auspicious times. Bartarush, in the guise of an astrologer brought this concoction to Zoroaster, pretending to bring some medicine to cure him. The child, recognizing his old teacher in the friendly astrologer, took the cup of medicine and poured it on the floor and said: "I know you, although you come to me in disguise, vile sorcerer. I shall always know you in whatever form you may come. Ahura-Mazda teaches me to know your signs. Go and sin not again."

Bartarush went away in anger, only to make new plots with all the fiends he could get together. He even persuaded Zoroaster's own

father, Pourushaspa, to join them, telling him that they must cure Zoroaster's physical illness. So Pourushaspa invited Bartarush and his friends to a feast at his house. When the feast was over Pourushaspa praised the magic of Bartarush, and asked him to show some of his magical wonders. Zoroaster heard this and said: "My father, ask nothing from this vile sorcerer. Walk not in the way the evil magicians walk, or you will follow a road to destruction. Listen to my advice, dear father." Bartarush and the magicians became very angry, and Bartarush said: "Child that thou art, thou knowest not my power on earth. Dost want me to show it? To disgrace thee before the world, I shall speak lies of thee because thou wished to disgrace me. Beware, child, thy teachings will not stand." Bartarush rose in anger, but before he and his followers left, Zoroaster stood forth and said: "Thy lies do not injure me. I shall utter truths now day after day, and thou shalt lose thine honor. Even thy health will fail, and thou wilt become powerless. Thou shalt no longer lead thy followers to destruction. Go!" Bartarush and his magicians left in awe and anger, for though a child Zoroaster looked a prophet!

Bartarush lost his power from that day on, and from a low fever his body wasted away and he died, repenting his bad life and acknowledging Zoroaster's power. Up to his fifteenth year Zoroaster's life was sorely tried. He was attacked by the magicians often, more in spirit than in body; but from every attack he rose stronger and wiser.

In order to be away from the world and advance in the understanding of the teachings which he intended to spread far and wide, he is said to have lived either in the desert or retired to a cave, which he dedicated to Mithra, the first emanation of Ahura-Mazda. This cave and others in which he lived were situated on a mountain called Ushidavena. There he received divine instruction during his solitary life of meditation and study.

Zoroaster is supposed to have spent his life there, from his fifteenth to his thirtieth year. Whenever he left these caves he journeyed about, teaching the poor and rich, and whoever was searching for the Truth; for there were great ignorance, wickedness, and superstition everywhere. The magicians, who had generally been headed by the king of the land, had taught black magic, and fear and ignorance filled the land. Steadily growing wiser and gaining more influence, Zoroaster taught wherever he found listeners. His name became better known everywhere, and he was no more attacked, because his old enemy, King Daran-Sarun, was dead, and the magicians had lost their power, and feared him. (To be concluded in next issue.)

A Discarnate Mystery

The Awakening of Jan Dooa

(Psychically Given by the Intelligence "X")

Theodore Stearns

[The author is a conscientious student of occultism, and that the following experiences occurred as related by him there seems no doubt. The manuscript is very interesting as a psychic record which vividly portrays the desire of a discarnate entity to communicate with those on earth. As it is a literal transcription of what was taken down at the time, the purely personal and the historic incidents are necessarily blended; and while to some this may render the document less valuable as a scientific one, to others it will make its appeal more intimate. Some of the statements about past events are not in accord with what has been written by others; but the merits of psychic manuscripts of this nature must, after all, be left to the discretion of the reader, and as I have not myself investigated the statements I am unable to pass judgment upon their accuracy. The author thought his experience might prove interesting and helpful to other students—which we think it will.—Ed.]

IN THE year one thousand, nine hundred and ten, after the birth of Him who is called the only God by these men around about me, it came to pass that I, Jan Dooa, Pharaoh of Egypt, then Poet of Phoenicia, and now a wanderer throughout the world, found myself in the body of a young musician living in a great city westward from Atlantis called New York, so named after a certain duke who was at one time my slave and whom I allowed to reincarnate amidst the Britons.

I discovered myself asking questions concerning that invisible world with which I am so familiar, yet do not seem to be able to write of as I was wont to do three thousand years ago. At times my mind races back, further back than that, and release bids fair relief; then suddenly all memory ceases and like a slave I am forced to grasp this unaccustomed stylus and painfully pen my way, writing of foolish matters, no doubt interesting to this eager youth, but far beneath the dignity of him who one time knew all things.

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October 24, 1910.

On this evening an invisible entity manifested himself psychically to D. and me. Beyond stating that he was a man-ego, a poet, and living discarnate for the past sixty-one years, he declined further to reveal his identity. This astral visitor, who asked to be known as "X," responded without instruction to our special code of spiritistic

communication. He announced that for nine successive days he would thus converse frequently with us, and that because of our special bond with him from the remote past he had come to assist us at a critical time. He unquestionably proved a friend, a wise counsellor, a great student, and a person of brilliant intellectual power. I shall repeat here only the more salient points of our intercourse with him. His statements will be repeated verbatim from my notes.

For six months or more we had been communicating with spiritual intelligences whom I had constantly questioned on the subject of Theosophy, the astral plane, and reincarnation. When X "appeared," I therefore put these same subjects before him for an expression of opinion. He said that he had lately been studying the Divine Wisdom, but he did not seem to be sympathetic with the idea of reincarnation. When I told him of a dead friend's success in obtaining comfort on the astral plane by talking with a prominent Theosophist about this great doctrine, he became more interested and promised to give further consideration to it.

He then warned me that I had reached a vital turning point in my life and that I should leave New York as my professional prospects were at an end for the time being. He also stated that the deleterious psychic conditions of the house in which I then lived had contributed largely to my non-success and that they were in every way inimical to my best interests because for some six years steeped in a malignant atmosphere.

October 25.

X spelled out this message: "Am sorry, but do you not stick to music; not profitable now, but will be later on."

Then he said as if reminiscing:

"Once my song moved a Queen to tears; and now I am forced to prate of lucre amidst melody. Ah, that night! I seem to feel thee near me even now, thou Badu-Lee-Ae! Surely my love was far less than thine, else I would not feel this discontent at the mere recollection of some invisible past."

I returned again to my questions concerning the astral plane, in which I was so intensely interested. His replies had been rather indefinite. I was a little puzzled by this at the time, but thought that perhaps he felt that we were not then responsive enough to receive the specific information for which we asked. I am now sure that this was the case for it is later clearly indicated by the record.

We then arranged a signal with X, so designed as to render us more certain that it was he, and not some other intelligence masking under his identity, with whom we were conversing. First receiving

from him the assurance that we were alone and could not be overheard or understood by any other invisible presence, I sung the theme of my new symphonic poem for orchestra, bidding him notice the rather unusual *rhythm* of the motive. This consisted of a dotted half-note, a quarter-note, then two quarter-notes followed by a triplet of quarters, and finally two whole notes bound together, a regular four-bar phrase.

I then tipped a small table near us, once for each note in the tempo it should be played, and asked X to repeat the experiment after me. By placing our hands lightly upon the table, he was enabled to do so to our entire satisfaction. He practiced this four or five times, and then said that he would repeat this signal every time he responded to our call.

October 26.

X upon returning today gave the special signal upon which we had agreed yesterday. I resumed my questions about occult matters. Instead of denying flatly the idea of reincarnation, as he had done at first, it became apparent that he understood it and other cognate questions thoroughly, but was not yet prepared to discuss them with us at length.

We now inquired about the identity of an intelligence who had some time previously attracted our notice by claiming to be a priest of great culture, discarnate for 1800 years, and claiming to be my "guide." For the past two months this person, who called himself Fhef Ilki, had not responded to our calls. X emphatically repudiated this "priest." He stated energetically that Fhef was an imposter, had lied almost in toto concerning himself, was a black magician, but that he had been allowed to introduce my interest into these investigations. Thus it was easier for me to accept for consideration teachings of perhaps a higher quality.

In view of the fact that our communion was not to last many days more I suggested that we devote some time to the effort to spread the truths of occultism among the ignorant who were discarnate. X said, "You do not need that study to help your work along." I could not quite accept this idea, and told him of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's story, *Beyond the Gates*, wherein a doctor, killed in a runaway, could not realize that he was dead, and so endeavored to speak to still incarnate passers-by, and to talk to his wife over the telephone. He was in great distress until finally, after a long series of perplexing experiences, he was taught his true condition.

"Now," said I, "if this doctor had been familiar with the subjects in question, would that not have greatly alleviated his distress?" X

replied in the affirmative and asked me for further information. I told him what I could and then referred him to some friends who were older students.

October 27.

We had some personal conversation about my dead dog "Chuckle" and X assured me that the head of the faithful creature was at that very moment resting upon my knee. X then signified his desire to tell us about a part of history to be found only in the records of nature. It is as follows:

Chuckle was partly the reincarnation of a favorite hound whose life a certain Pharaoh of Egypt saved from drowning in the Nile, and who never forgot the favor. The dog, Du-Say by name, became the Pharaoh's inseparable companion, and was a noble animal, sagacious, powerful, and devoted to his master to an extraordinary degree.

The Eleventh Dynasty was at this time in a plunging state of decay caused by this Pharaoh's reckless profligacy and utter negligence towards affairs of state. Time and again the ruler's life had been sought and only by enormous purchases with ancestral gold had he been able to stay the hands of determined assassins. He desecrated the wealth of tombs to prolong a worthless life.

One night, as had been his custom ever since his life was saved, Du-Say followed Pharaoh to his bed chamber whither the king had retired early, too racked by trouble to attend the usual nocturnal orgy. Dismissing his attendants he dropped upon his bed, fully dressed, and sank strangely enough into immediate slumber. Meanwhile treachery of the most determined and extreme form crept silently towards his door. Five hundred men, sworn to take his life that night, kept noiseless step to his heart beats and no way of escape lay open to the unconscious despot.

But Du-Say's instinct detected the danger and his low growl of warning awoke the sleeper. The dog seized the king's tunic with his teeth and drew him resistingly to a heavy tapestry. He pushed him against the cold stone behind the folds and Pharaoh felt the night air rush upon his face. The king found himself in a secret passageway, unknown to him before, and stumbling blindly, Du-Say ever urging him on, he finally emerged from beyond the city walls. Looking back he beheld the scenes of his misrule in turmoil and uproar. His subjects had shaken off the shackles at last and his kingdom was irretrievably lost.

Of all on earth there was only one who tried to reach him—Loo-Al-Yah, the dancer whom he had deigned to love. Beneath her bondage of a slave she was far more royal than Pharaoh and now her love aroused the passions of his infuriated avengers. But she preferred death and, as they struck her down, her heart's instinct bade her stretch out her arms to where he in darkness hid and where she in dying looked.

With Du-Say the deposed king fled to Phoenicia and at the age of fifty-two died, miserable, half-starved, alone. On his grave the dog

refused to move, and three days later he lifted wearily his head to the skies—howled his prayer once—and then his noble spirit fled.

(Aye! I feel that dreadful scene again, Loo-Al-Yah! I saw the moon three times that night, once in the heavens, and twice on her beautiful arms.)

October 28.

On this occasion the conversations were mostly personal. X stated that he studied chemistry, had a laboratory, and had produced radium. When questioned about the astral plane he said that there was no eating or sleeping there as on earth, and that Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's book, the *Astral Plane*, was accurately written. He said there were lands yet to be discovered, and was of the opinion that Commodore Peary had reached the North Pole.

October 29.

This day I had spent in the public library looking up references about the Fifth Egyptian Dynasty as our investigations had recently touched upon that remote portion of history and I had been able to find little or no data upon the subject. In fact very few sources are available and historically nothing has been published beyond a mention of Assa, next to the last king, his son Ptah-hotep, who wrote a moral treatise, and the last King, Unas, who varied the form of the royal tombs.

At 7 o'clock X signalled, and at my request read the astral record, placing the date of the matter under discussion as being about 3000 B. C. (Prof. Lepsius claims 2840 and M. Mariette, 3951 B. C.) X said he could not give us accurate dates but could tell us something of the political and religious economies of the dynasty in question. We then proceeded as follows:

Q. What particular events led to the overthrow of the Fifth Dynasty? A. The sacrifice of young virgins.

Q. In what manner did these sacrifices cause political disturbances? A. By the uprising of the common people who were greatly attached to one particular victim.

Q. Was this victim of noble birth? A. Yes, she was a princess of the reigning family.

Q. Were the priests in actual control of the government of that dynasty? A. They controlled the country.

Q. Then it was the martyrdom of this princess by religious fanatics that caused a revolution and founded the Sixth Dynasty? A. Yes, yes (emphatically).

In all fairness to my readers, as well as to him, I will state that X told me he disliked the idea of rebirth, and, while benevolently in-

clined, he was none-the-less far from being at this time in complete sympathy with Theosophy.

October 30.

At the outset X stated that inasmuch as history had never afforded any light on the downfall of the Fifth Dynasty of Egypt he was consequently greatly interested in the subject, and he consented to tell me at first hand the story of the rebellion which led to the complete extinction of the house of the last king Unas. Reading the memory of nature, he proceeded as follows:

It is ten o'clock in the morning and the sacrificial pyre upon which the princess is being martyred is burning fiercely; even the tremendous thunder storm which is raging does not seem to quench the flames. A young priest is leading an advance of some two or three thousand of the common people who are poorly armed with simple tools of the field, and, here and there, with a few primitive weapons. This young priest's name I can learn only phonetically by hearing his excited followers shout "Alcomy! Alcomy!" He is dark, tall, handsome, and a great fighter.

Opposed to this plebeian mob are at least seven thousand soldiers and priests who are already beginning to turn pale with fear as the determined, inferior force of husbandmen presses upon them. The attacking force is endeavoring to save the princess, but is realizing that it is too late, and their fury knows no bounds.

The craven priests appeal to their gods in vain, the soldiers begin to tremble, the very lightning seems to threaten them for countenancing a sacrifice so dreadful. They are seized with sudden panic; they attempt to flee but are overtaken and slain with their own swords by the howling revolutionists bent on exterminating vengeance. The priests rush, an utterly routed host, into their temples, accompanied by inward realization of the crime they have instigated and which has so suddenly paralyzed their hold over the people, the regular army and the king himself.

They are pursued by the eager insurrectionists and one by one savagely haled from the innermost crevices of their sanctuaries and ruthlessly slain to the last man. The bodyguard of King Unas is dispatched, then the king himself with all his nobles. The scene is one of fearful bloodshed, and the house of Unas is wiped off the face of the earth. The princess has happily through death escaped viewing the dreadful carnage.

Of her slender body and beautiful, gracious spirit which had so endeared her to her avengers, only a pile of ashes now remains. The plebeian army change their shouts of victory into loud lamentation and, kneeling about her pyre, give unrestrained vent to their sorrow.

Alcomy stands petrified with grief. He had loved her; hence the disaster. Poor, faithful enthusiast! Recanting the labor of his lifetime for the sake of the one woman he loved, now among his prostrate followers he stands alone—alone in the truest sense of the word.

Needless to say, D. and I were fairly spellbound during the unveiling of this page of history so remote and inaccessible, and it was some time before we cared to disturb the picture which X had so vividly painted.

("I know the man now who so compels this hand, once fitted to sword, sceptre, and harp, to trace the beginning of my downfall in this barbarous and awkward tongue. I know Thee—and I fear Thee. Thou art,.....")

I broke the silence by asking X if he were a Theosophist. "No," he replied. "Are you seeking to prolong your life on the astral plane to escape reincarnation?" I inquired. "Yes," said X. "Are you aware that this is detrimental to your progress?" I queried. Again he replied, "Yes." "And that you are defying natural laws?" I continued. "Yes, I know it," said he.

October 31.

All this day I had suffered a reaction and often enough had questioned the advisability of continuing these investigations, realizing that I might only too readily have been imposed upon. On the other hand, two things were greatly in X's favor. Throughout he had been perfectly frank and outspoken. Never once had he attempted to deceive us, and where matters (in connection with the purely private part of our intercourse) had not turned out as he had predicted, he had readily and openly admitted his inability to be infallible, giving explanations which were certainly fair to himself and in no way designed to blind me. Again, his reasoning power and sincerity had all along been too plainly demonstrated for me now to question his motive.

He often joked with D. and me, on more than one occasion causing us fairly to shout with laughter at his keen wit and unsparing satire, swiftly alternating with moments of genuine pathos and instinctive tenderness and sympathy. I was not surprised then to receive his signal an hour before the appointed time, for I felt exactly as his immediate message here reads:

"Am sorry, but you are in a bad way tonight—discouraged and disappointed. But you should not be. When I was on earth I had a hard life. I tried my best to be good, but the public did not understand me."

To me, brought into such intimate contact with him, this sentiment conveyed a world of meaning, not so much of bitterness as of a lofty sorrow, and as if he were still preciously guarding his mighty genius. He would not risk its being stained again, or cast it into the teeth of those who might yet be hungry enough to tear a shred of

what they trampled upon so cruelly over half a century ago. . . .

For six hours we had been busily engaged in conversation and making notes, stopping only to light the gas when the twilight darkened without.

Referring to Shakespeare, X stated that he (Shakespeare) wrote the comedies and the romantic plays attributed to him but that Bacon wrote all of the historical plays.

We now turned our attention again to those portions of history upon which even mythology is silent, and passing from the Tenth Dynasty to the siege of Troy, X once more riveted our interest with the following extraordinary page from the memory of nature, as he had investigated it:

After the return of Ulysses to Ithaca, his wife, Penelope, died suddenly under circumstances which caused, by reflection on Ulysses, the downfall not only of himself but also of his kingdom. The events leading up to this revolution occurred only a few months before his return from Troy. In addition to this, during his long absence, his following at home had become greatly divided.

A popular faction had sprung up led by a young noble, a favorite with Penelope, whose position at her court was somewhat similar to the judicial influence exerted over Queen Elizabeth by Lord Bacon some twenty-five centuries later. This youthful leader, who possessed great diplomacy coupled with occasional bursts of inspired eloquence, seized upon the death of Penelope as the crowning pretext to complete the political ruin of Ulysses, and never were good judgment and subtle intrigue so happily placed or so successfully carried into completion.

By the simple process of arranging a festival of welcome in his honor, this wily usurper caused the king's downfall. Naturally there was widespread curiosity as to why Ulysses had found twenty years necessary for his return from Troy. The populace, excited by the recent death of their beloved queen, and by vague rumors concerning questionable adventure said to have befallen her royal consort during his compulsory exile, were now so drunk with the extravagance of the great festival (in part if not wholly paid for by its chief instigator) as to arouse the entire kingdom into a paean of wild confusion such as had hitherto never been witnessed by the oldest traveller.

During the entire celebration, emissaries, subverted nobles, and even the soldiery, in league with the newly-risen political party, circulated secretly among the lower classes, seeking by every means to poison popular sentiment against the king, In this they were so far aided by an undercurrent of dissatisfaction which had obtained some years previously, that what Ulysses now believed to be shouts in his honor were in reality howls of rage.

It needed but the twittering of a song bird to hurl him to the maddened revellers. The culmination of his disaster was the ensnaring of Ulysses into making a speech at the psychological moment. He had scarce opened his lips to frame his first sentence, when various

claques carefully stationed interrupted him by demanding his reasons for having deserted his wife. This was instantly followed by a group of nobles demanding why he had deserted his State. The most fatal moment of his life was when Ulysses faltered then.

Unseen, unheard by the vast multitude, the song bird was hovering over the destinies of the toy kingdom of Ithaca. But more than that, it sang a tocsin that went ringing into the future. It began that Te Deum of emancipation which Abraham Lincoln completed long after Ulysses was a story; it sounded the melody of a new Art and a new Drama, and the song that was, not far from there, to harmonize a one God with His own works; it shrieked a call to arms that sent brave men by the thousands to face their Deity merely to save His sepulchre; it sounded all this—circled fatefully about the doomed king's laurel crown—then flew away.

Telemachus sprang to his father's side, followed by a few chosen friends. They rushed Ulysses through a hidden passage to the brief safety of a street. A howling army intercepted their flight to the seashore where, for the first time with black despair clutching at his heart, Ulysses again fought desperately for his life. He gained a vessel—still fighting—but now alone. Wretched mutes bent to the oars. He escaped, but as the sails of the little craft dropped into the horizon, the new era of Greece began.

X said after an appreciative interval that he would be able to communicate with us one day longer than he had originally planned, that is, until November 3rd.

November 2.

We had a fine chat, jolly and very instructive. His wit, unusually keen, flashed at the foibles and follies of the day in shafts of unsparing satire, as sharp and perfect as those blue bolts of lightning which are never so perfect in their intensity as in the distant heights of lofty mountains. But it was never venomous or unkind. Through it all was an undercurrent of sadness which sweetened it like the repentant tear of a mother in correcting an unruly child. His remarks were grace itself. They were as sound as an oak, yet as flexible as a lily, and never were the strength of his great benevolence and true desire for the uplifting of humanity so beautifully apparent. His eager appreciation spelled generosity; his criticism, love.

November 3.

X suggested electricity as a good subject for discussion this evening, and at my remarking that I knew next to nothing about it he was greatly amused. He seemed desirous that I should know more about this unknown force, and stated that he would suggest questions to me mentally which I could then write down. Our experiment was thus far successful:

Q. Is electricity the force of the near future? A. Yes.

Q. Will it become the exclusive power for all travel and all transportation? A. Yes.

Q. Shall we have the wireless telephone? A. Yes.

Q. And a sort of tele-biograph? A. Yes.

Q. Electric airships as common carriers? A. Yes, yes.

Q. Will it ever be superseded by a greater and more practical force? A. Yes, but far in the future.

Q. Can electricity exist beyond the earth's atmosphere? A. Not only that, but it will be used as a means of definite communication between planets.

X then said:

You may be interested in something about the Babylonian captivity which explains an important gap in New Testament history. After the fall of Babylon, Daniel, who was a great adept, led a picked following of three thousand men, women, and children into that part of Asia now called Afghanistan. Fearing pursuit by the Persians he selected this place of retirement on account of its extreme inaccessibility. The retreat was masterfully executed, having been carefully planned by Daniel many years before. The route presented in all ways a terrific undertaking, for it led across deserts and over lofty mountain ranges inhabited solely by wild beasts and swept with titanic storms.

Where exodus by another would have resulted in its complete annihilation, Daniel so conducted his flight that only about five hundred of his followers were lost through famine, pestilence, and war during the two years and eight months that were consumed until the final pitching of their tents.

Ensconced among the jagged chains of this secret haven, Daniel built a city and defied capture. Here he ruled between fifty and sixty years. The city was composed mainly of a huge monastery, temples, and dwellings, all surrounded by an impenetrable wall, and it was to this city that the Master Jesus retired during those nineteen years of his life of which you on the physical plane have no biblical record!

There in that monastery founded by Daniel, He was reverently received by Chaldean monks and by them thoroughly instructed in the governing and ruling of those hidden laws of nature which made His miracles possible when He returned to Palestine to receive that crown all men now wear. Shortly before His return He was visited by various Great Ones who were not only attracted by the importance of His mission on earth but who had from time to time assembled in that cloistered retreat, being exalted members of a White Brotherhood, not the least of whom was Daniel who had founded Their refuge.

Only the ruins of this monastery now remain and their exact location is unknown to physical man. But beneath these ruins are still buried the manuscripts written by the Master Jesus during his discipleship there. These hidden records will some day be discovered and given to the world. And it is right that they should be, for it was there that He formulated His teachings.

Shortly before midnight on this day, X bade us farewell. And that parting was inexpressively beautiful and sacred. Much of the personal part of his message to us had perforce been too intimate to be included in this public record. His final words were strange, yet seemed to convey a deep message:

"And now, Jan Dooa, I have humbled you, and it has caused another pain. When you fought me you merely killed yourself. I loved you, and you would not see. 'Twas your hand on the royal tomb that marred it to decay.

"The slaughter of your armies bred grain fields for my throne, yet you smiled and would not eat. The moonlight on Loo-Al-Yah's arm beamed on the Grecian garden flower and on the patient beauty of Badu-Lee-Ae whom you have now once more.

"Forget, work, suffer, weep, and I will come again."

To Helios

In Affectionate Remembrance

E. Christina Lauder

I BEHELD you in a silence
Pace the fragrant shadowed Hall:
Where the great white clad assembly
Gather when the shadows fall.

But the twilight melts in darkness,
And the walls fade out in space—
For another House of Meeting
Rises in the empty place!

There I see you as I saw you
With the Serpent Diadem!
In the Temple that is guarded
By the Gods of Ancient Khem!

Isis, Horus, and Osiris!
Stately in your shrines of old:
Know You how the Spirit wearies
For those Gates of bronze and gold?

Know You how the fond ear listens
For the Chanting deep and low?
It was yesterday I heard it—
Not three thousand years ago!

Swing the massive Portals outward,
Sounds the Thunder Chant once more,
Till we pass that Arch Priest-Warden,
Old-time Guardian of the Door.

Comes my Priestess in the new life!
She, the white-robed one who trod
In procession to that Altar,
Where she hailed the Mighty God!

Amen! Isis, Nepthys, Horus!
From your long oblivion cry:
"Come! O Multitude, adore Us,
Whom the new world passeth by."

Amen! Horus and Osiris,
Wait and watch a little while!
Of a truth this dreamer wearies
For the Temple by the Nile!

Lo! I hear the Incantation,
World to world it thrills along,
Stirs my soul with strange elation
In that ever moving throng!

So at will I leave today's dream,
Pass again that Ancient Gate . . . .
Long and dim the winding ways seem—
But I KNOW them. I can wait!

Sways and swings on high the Censer!
Amen! Amen-Ra of old!
Through the Chanting and the Perfume
Loom those Doors of bronze and gold!

Comes the Sun-child as I knew her
With that Wondrous Diadem! . . .
Still she heads the long procession
To our Shrine of distant Khem!

When any person doth ill by you, or speaks ill of you, remember that he acts or speaks from a supposition of its being his duty. Now it is not possible that he should follow what appears right to you, but what appears so to himself. Therefore, if he judges from a wrong appearance, he is the person hurt since he too is the person deceived. For if any one should suppose a true proposition to be false, the proposition is not hurt, but he who is deceived about it. Setting out, then, from these principles, you will meekly bear a person who reviles you, for you will say upon every occasion, "It seemed so to him."—*The Enchiridion* of Epictetus.

The War, Its Reason and Purpose

Leonard Bosman

MUCH has been written and said of the war which has devastated half Europe and plunged the whole world into a state of astonishment and horror, but little has been told us which will enable us to fit all the facts into proper perspective and give us a clear, definite and well-focused view. It is the work of the warrior and the man of affairs to prepare the world of action, to arrange all those things which mean so much to mankind in the present period of evolution. Hence, activity in material and spiritual things, activity which has to do with man's physical environment, is considered the most important function of man, the general note of approbation being always "this man did things." But there is a higher duty for man. It is not enough that things are done, it is not enough that there are men of action in the world. There must be also those who think, who seek the inner reason of things and endeavor to mould the thought of the world towards a destined and evolutionary purpose.

It is necessary therefore that we study the reason and the causes which have led us into this labyrinth if we are to gain the least comprehension of the purpose behind the war and the great future which awaits Europe as a United State. In order thus to study these causes it is necessary to set forth certain hypotheses which however sure and proven to some must remain as hypotheses to the many.

If we are to see any purpose behind all these apparent accidents it is absolutely essential that we view man as an evolving entity, as consciousness within form, or to put it more from the religionist's aspect, as spirit within body. To do this we must not dogmatize nor in any way alienate the agnostic but seek to reconcile the religionist and scientist by showing that it is mainly words which divide them and send them into opposite camps. It is not sufficient to say that man is immortal; it is not sufficient to say that man is a spirit in the body, but we ought first to know what we mean by our terms and secondly to express that meaning, however haltingly, however dimly, to those who are seeking some explanation of the purpose of life.

We commence then with certain facts, obvious to all, which are not denied by the agnostic and which are accepted by the religionist. Man is a conscious being, a *knower*, an observer, and being conscious and observant there must be that around him by which he realizes his consciousness, for it is to be taken as granted, that without an

object there would be no realizable subject, without the thing seen and the thing known there could be no idea of seer, or knower, and hence no realization of consciousness. Deprive man of body and brain and there would still remain, according to the hypothesis now offered, the spirit itself; but being without a focus, without a form through which to sense and contact other objects and other forms, there could be no realization of consciousness, that is to say, no *self* consciousness.

We say, therefore, that consciousness growing in a vehicle or body gradually gives rise to the feeling of separate existence until the realization of individuality grows more and more strong and the true man is born as a self-conscious entity. Without the sheath of matter, without the body, the consciousness could never realize itself, having no contact from which to learn. Being encased in, and functioning through, an organic covering, it learns to contact the world by means of the different sense organs in that covering. The senses convey their different messages to the consciousness, and the consciousness gradually becomes more and more distinct and separate (though the separateness is, in its essence, an illusion) and thus develops that which we call reasoning faculty, or mind. In this manner the man, the ego, is able to impress the brain cells with certain ideas learned through contact with the outer world by means of the sense organs. So the realization of self-consciousness grows more and more acute until man becomes more or less perfect and accomplishes his life's work.

If we take it for granted that the purpose of life is that the "beyond," or super-conscious spirit, shall become self-conscious in man, then it will not be difficult to realize how the war and all other evils in the world have arisen. This, however, must be explained in detail so that all who read may realize the truth, for it is necessary to make appeal as much to the practical man of affairs as to the mystic or metaphysician.

This process of building up the feeling of "I am I"-ness is gradual, and the life has to pass through many forms until sufficient experience has been gained, as it were, to hold together and give some idea of reality to this self-consciousness. Thus, for this purpose, the life "descends" into the densest matter, involving and learning to realize *acute* sensation in contradistinction to *massive* sensation, until, its lessons learned, it is ready for the true realization of individuality. In this way the life passes through the different kingdoms of nature and, gradually learning feeling in the mineral and vegetable, passes through the animal kingdom and develops the beginning of a dim self-con-

sciousness. For the full realization of this, however, that mysterious working of nature called *mind* is necessary, caused by a vibration of much higher and finer degree, than that which exists in the animal. At this stage the life passes into human form and as mind commences to function the man is born, a spirit within the body, i. e., consciousness which is to become fully developed; or self-consciousness, within a form which has to be controlled and utilized that true individuality may be fully realized.

The evolution of man brings into play certain laws which are somewhat different to those governing the lower kingdoms; for now the peculiar qualities and functions of mind have to be considered which make of man a superior being to the lower orders, a superiority, it should be said, being often, incidentally, more of a curse, than a blessing. To pass from one stage of consciousness to another there must be some outer change by which the inner may realize itself; for it should be said that consciousness itself does not change *but only becomes aware of change* around it and thus realizes itself and gives rise to what we call self-consciousness and individuality. In order, therefore, that many and varied experiences may be gained, the bodily form is frequently changed and as it falls away when that change which we call death ensues, so the experiences are stored up in the consciousness and carried forward as instinct and faculty for future lives.

This, then, is the next hypothesis, the law of reincarnation, under which man gradually develops all his innate powers and capacities, learning to control his emotions, feelings and actions as well as to build up a definite and well-controlled mind and individuality.

Now the growth of individuality, if it be realized, is the fundamental reason and cause of this extraordinary war. The very essence of individuality is separation, and separation of necessity means the drawing apart from others, which leads to opposition and fighting though also, of course, to eventual union and love. In order to understand this we have to consider the law of reincarnation in the light of the law of cause and effect and to see how the mind grows and how self-consciousness is developed by means of the working of the law.

In the earlier stages, as a savage, man is learning to develop his senses, and the feelings and emotions are given full play. He lives a short life of a few score years, and then carrying with him the experience gained, rests, free of the physical body. We say now that the man is dead, but actually it is only his dense physical form which has fallen from him and gone back to the earth. He himself remains

clothed in a body composed of finer and subtler matter; for, as Scripture tells us, "there is a spiritual and there is an earthly body."

In this new condition, or as it is sometimes called "the life after death," the ego rests, assimilating the experiences gained whilst alive, until at last the thirst for physical experiences draws him anew to earth. He is then attracted by affinity to a baby body which as it grows up will give him the necessary training he needs. Thus, time after time, he is born anew on earth, and gradually progresses along the evolutionary path, becoming more and more developed and controlling his feelings, emotions and the desire nature generally. Gradually a change takes place as, living many lives and gaining an infinite variety of experience, at length he begins to realize himself as an individual. Becoming more and more "civilized," his mentality develops and with this development comes pride, which causes him to assert himself, to dispute and argue and wage mental warfare upon his fellows. In common language, he gets as good as he sends, for there is no aggression without a returning opposition.

As this goes on the fight becomes more on the physical plane and words lead to blows. Thus gradually, the old wars which men fought as savages are again repeated though in a more supple manner and with instruments of a more deadly kind. In the past wars were generally the result of more or less animal passion and desire but now they are mainly the effect of man's grasping mind.

It is doubtless recognized by all that there is the law of cause and effect, and that all actions have results, and that results themselves act as fresh causes. This law, however, is generally accepted by the western world as relating only to one short span of life. Logically it would seem that too many actions, thoughts and feelings are set in motion in one life to bear fruit completely in that same short period. Even did all the actions of one life have their due results during those few years, yet, seeing that results are, in a sense new causes, they must demand further periods of time for their full fruition. Hence we fall back upon the dual hypothesis, that the law of reincarnation goes hand in hand with the law of cause and effect, known in the East as karma.

Following these ideas, we may realize how man, gradually developing mentality, is drawn deeper and deeper into the eddies of personal strife. If, however, we wish to understand the reason for the wars between nations we have first to realize what are nations.

As families are composed of units, that is, of souls, drawn together by reason of the working of the law of karma which generally attracts kind to kind, so nations, in somewhat similar fashion, are formed from groups having similar views, attracted by mutual affinity for the

furtherance of such views. This is, of course, the general rule to which there would often be exceptions, for in a nation there would be found more frequently those who disagreed and who had nothing in common with the rest. The explanation of this would be too involved for a general article and therefore it is sufficient to say that a nation is a group of souls banded together by reason of having worked and evolved together in past ages, and gradually in this way forged the links which made of them a nation.

It is thus individual quarrels have now, as it were, expanded into national quarrels. One nation in its earlier and feeble attempts at civilization uses methods whilst conquering another nation which tend to remain in the consciousness of the beaten nation; and although it is for a time conquered, yet the memory of the evil remains. In a later epoch the quarrel breaks out anew, and the nations, because of their former relation, once more come to strife, and so the fight goes on throughout the ages until they come mutually to recognize the futility of the continual struggle, and begin at length to ask themselves to what end they are struggling.

Then, here and there voices are raised calling for a new system, pointing out the evils of war, suggesting arbitration and other remedies. But as yet, these voices are "crying in the wilderness" and few only will harken unto them; nevertheless these voices are signs of the times that must inevitably come. As war follows war, so man becomes satiated with war and its attendant horrors, until at last, the voices crying in the wilderness come forth and boldly declare their policy unto a now expectant world. At first their suggestions towards peace and arbitration are received with half-hearted approval or even refusal, but gradually the new ideas take hold of the growing imagination of the people, and the voice of God speaks through them calling for the peace which they are beginning to earn.

During all these ages war has been, in a sense, a necessity, because the growing mind of man had to have an outlet for the vital force accumulated. Now, however, as mind becomes more plastic and the man is more docile, the necessity for such harsh lessons as are taught by war disappears, for the new note of brotherhood is sounded out by those who have caught it and as the people respond they are thereby uplifted to a true realization of peace which can only come after passing through war.

We are now probably better able to answer the question so often put by the man in the street, "Why does God permit war?" We see there is no question of permitting or forbidding war which is of man's own making, and a result of causes he himself has set in motion. More-

over, as has been pointed out, the essential nature of individuality is a well developed intelligence and a balanced mind. The mind grows in power and balance mainly through contrast, first being led into strife and gradually realizing its effect, and then falling back into inertia until it learns that balance and control are possible to the inner man, and war and its causes vanish from the land. The growing mind causes separation which, of necessity, means opposition and strife, and these breed war.

There is then no place for such a question as "Does God permit war?" for it is the very nature of the lower man and only through strife does he come to realize the higher spiritual self within. Thus he learns not to strive even whilst striving, not to hate even though his mind still leads him along its foolish well-beaten paths, and not to return evil for evil, but to order and arrange his life in accordance with the facts which now the inner mind, the spiritual mind, is teaching him. For as the lower mind, which is merely imitative, fights and wearies of the fight, so the spiritual mind comes a conqueror into its kingdom and peace comes o'er the earthly man, as the Lord approaches.

With the coming of the higher mind to man, he uplifts himself and realizes the new spirit in the world around him, and knows the Teacher who has come anew to earth to sound once more the note of love. He comes to bring the nations of the world together, to sound a synthetic note, to bind in peace and amity the warring castes and classes, the differing sects and societies; and to show them that they, although apparently in opposition, are yet by that very opposition trying to realize their essential unity. He comes to teach them that they are one in essence and that only the lower separative mind has divided them throughout the ages. Once more He speaks His divine message which though declared of old must be repeated again and again until man takes up the spirit beyond the words and builds it into the fabric of his being. He says again: "Love one another," and no longer has occasion to point out that He comes "not to bring peace but a sword." For, as of old He came, knowing that the striking of the note of love meant the clearing up of the old hatreds and the bringing to the surface of the evil in men's minds, now He comes as synthesizer to bring together those who have so long been separated.

Indeed the present war is a great symbol of the approaching synthesizer. It is indeed but one of many signs, the culminating point showing the impasse at which the world has arrived, the balancing up of the spirit and matter and the final struggle of good and evil.

* * * * * * *

What then of the future? What is to be the outcome of this war? If it be but accumulated effect of past wrong-doing, it must at last wear itself out. It is not perhaps wise to say that good comes always out of evil, for such a belief might give an excuse to the evil minded. Nevertheless, it would seem that the Powers who guide evolution utilize all effects even though evil, and produce the good from them or rather in spite of them. And it may be mentioned that it is not wise to see only the evil aspects of the war for it produces many fine qualities in those who take part in it, not the least of which is the quality of comradeship, which indeed is the key to the situation and gives a hint as to the future.

In this war there has been struck a fuller note; for, whereas in the past war made a nation stand together as one man, now we have many nations banded together, not to desist from their effort nor to make a separate peace until its accomplishment. . . .

The great ideal of a brotherhood of nations, of a World Empire, has been long preparing. The war will evolve more fully these ideals and be the means of bringing to fruition that which now is in the minds of many. There is a cry going up for the cessation of war and even in the midst of war there is a talk of preparation to prevent its future occurrence. Little now is heard of arming against war for the nations dimly realize the stalemate which has, to a certain extent, come through armaments. Both sides being equal there can be no result beyond the futile clash of arms and cannons' roar, the exploding of bombs and aerial conflict. It is, indeed, the old cry that goes up, but yet it is more insistent than ever—the cry for peace, the cry for unity, the cry for a man who shall bind the nations of Europe together and make of them a Federation.

The war has at least swept many cobwebs from our minds and much of the pride from our hearts. The ordinary "Tommy" fraternizes with the "Frenchy" and learns to realize that, after all, he is something more than a mere "Frenchy"; and despite the absence of a common language the feeling grows up in both of them of a new comradeship broader than anything either has as yet realized. This growth of comradeship is by no means confined to the Continent. England itself is invaded by an army of foreigners, of wounded Belgians and French, of men and women and children who have lost their homes and all that men hold dear. There is nothing which makes the mind expand like sympathy, and, therefore, seeing all these people around him and thinking of their woes, even the man in the street opens himself up to the realization that there is brother calling to

brother through the different bodies, and that nationality is only a veil. . . .

It is not enough, however, to bind persons, families, and boroughs, a nation, or even an empire together. The whole world must one day thus be linked; and so even whilst struggling to bind together a nation and build up an empire, in which we have been helped by the war, we have nevertheless to remember the larger issue and keep in mind the fact that all Europe must one day be united. We have only to keep the idea in mind and work for it together in order to accomplish it.

"An impracticable scheme," says the man of the world, but it is not so impracticable as it may sound. It requires only the broadening out of the idea being expressed in a much modified way through the United States of America. It is not a scheme which is ready cut and dried but one that will need the finest united intelligences to make it practical. Surely no man can declare that there is an impossibility of such a scheme coming to fruition. Already the war has taught us that ententes and allied powers are useless when their only purpose is to prepare for war, for even though they be allied in defence yet this very defence breeds war. The war is teaching us also that there are greater problems than national problems, even though the latter have by no means been faced. We cannot go on blundering after the war as we have blundered along formerly, for we see to what a shambles such folly has led us. The demand for a new regime, a demand which surely will be voiced on all sides, will inevitably create the supply, especially if such demand be forthcoming from many different nations, as beyond doubt it will.

Naturally there would be difficulties in the earlier stages in considering international affairs, for the old feuds would not be forgotten. We cannot, however, hesitate in the face of such a difficulty, remembering that time is the great healer of the nations, and considering the end in view—*the Unity of Mankind.*

Surely we may hope that in this way, however gradual the process, the idea of war as we now know it will die out. Thus a new epoch will be ushered in, all nations cementing their bonds of friendship by a more definite search for the greatest good which can be expected from life. So may the nations learn to administer the law which declares that the greatest good must be for the whole and not alone for the few, an administration founded on that law of nature which declares all men to be brothers however unequal they may appear to be in spiritual, moral, and intellectual growth.

A Hercules Magician

Marie Russak Hotchner

ONE feels close akin to Alice in Wonderland when visiting India, this country of many mysteries. Day by day one's store of wonder grows; day by day the salt bogs that have settled in the plain of one's mental vision, collected while taking everything one reads and hears *cum grano salis*, gradually disappear as one witnesses the marvels of magic with which it teems.

In reading Indian literature, the *Ramayana* for instance, it would not seem possible to imagine a god as strong as Hanuman, or to accept literally the fact of his having seized a mountain and with it bridged the turbulent channel which divides Hindustan and Ceylon so that the great Rama might go over to that island in search of his loved and lost Sita. (A caste Hindu becomes an outcast if he crosses the seas to another land.) So, by the aid of the herculean strength of Hanuman, the monkey-god, Rama crossed land, not water, to Ceylon.

(One wishes Hanuman would remain incarnate eternally and bridge that awful channel in aid of those who are not gifted with nautical qualifications and who find the crossing a trying voyage, to say the least.)

The scepticism of a multitude who rejected as impossible the feat of Hanuman, did not affect the credulity of a little Hindu lad of Viraghattam, in the Presidency of Madras, who heard the tale with wonder-wide eyes and with a still wider mind.

His name was Rama Murti, a sickly boy of twelve years, motherless and fatherless, attending the Maharaja's college in 1895. When he heard the story of Hanuman he became fixed with the ideal to be strong—to be a Hanuman and move mountains.

Poor little orphan boy, in a poor little sickly body, with nothing but a strong ideal! It possessed him; it obsessed him; he clung to it in spite of fears, in spite of jeers. Other books and exercises, save those pertaining to athletics, had no attraction for him, and it was only a few years later, so expert had he finally become, that he was made a teacher of physical culture in several schools.

As a young man he saw the feats of the fakirs, those who could lie for days on spiked nails without wincing, walk on fire without burning, lift enormous weights without failing. "The power of the will alone permits me to perform these wonders," said one of them. Rama Murti believed him and set himself to similar and even

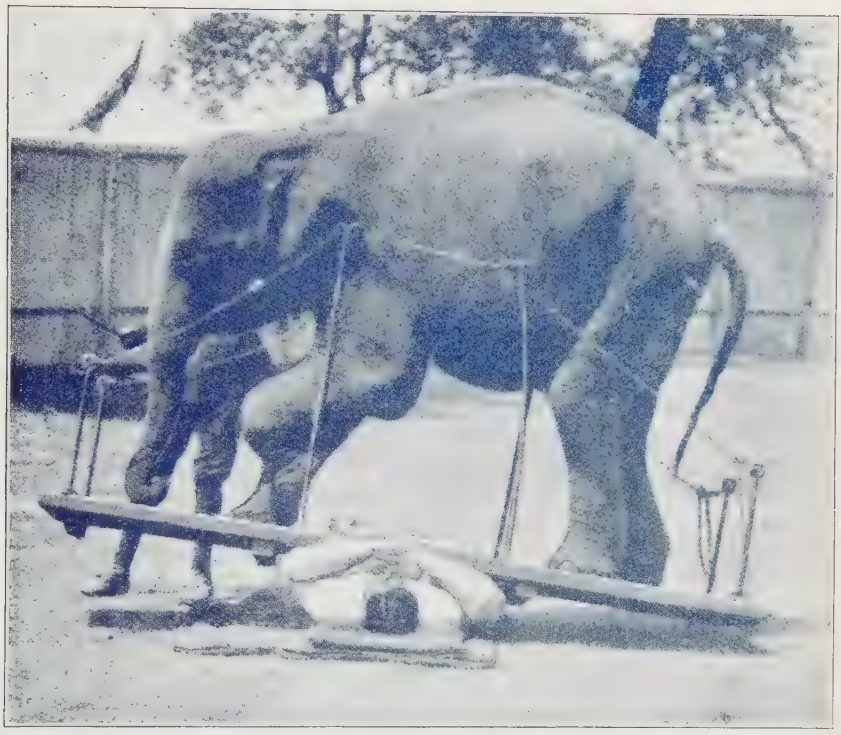
greater tasks, and succeeded. He attracted much notice and was finally engaged by a circus in 1902.

The ups and downs of life then began; sometimes there were good years, sometimes bad; but the follower of Hanuman had not yet moved mountains or the enthusiasm of sufficiently great multitudes, so he went on studying, hoping. Then a better day came for him, and he learned other things than those taught him by athletes and the fakirs; he met for the first time with the religion and practices of a yogi. He added these to his former store.

Through rigid asceticism, celibacy, vegetarian food, breath control, and meditation, he attained the secret of Hanuman's strength and put it to the test. It stood him in good stead, and even though he did not lift a mountain in the circus ring as we witnessed his recent performance in Madras, he performed such other marvels of strength that one did not doubt that he might do so if he tried!

The sacrifice of a complex life to a simple one was the first demand of the yogi; Rama Murti made it. Care of the physical body and a non-flesh diet were imposed; his life was molded strictly in accord with these rules which obtain even to this day. Since he is forced to go to bed so late, he awakens at 6 a.m., runs some miles, uses *pranayanam* –

BREAKING THE CHAIN



A TEETER FOR THE ELEPHANT

Indian breathing exercises of a certain kind—and then returns to bed to sleep for two hours more. He then arises and takes his favorite food-drink, which is composed of a two-pound mixture of almonds, black pepper, and cummin seed, all soaked in water overnight, crushed to a pulp, sweetened, and strained. Fifteen minutes later he eats a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. At 1 p. m. he takes some greens, pulses, other vegetables, and curry and rice. At 4 p. m. he drinks another of the same mixture as that prepared in the morning, to which has been added wheat-bran and milk, and he finishes with a pudding made from cream curds, honey-butter, and sugar. After his night performance he takes somewhat the same meal as at 1 p. m. He does not drink tea, coffee, or alcoholic beverages. Within this simple fare lies his muscular development—not his vitality, for that does not enter the body through food, but in other ways.

Rama Murti knows the practices also which control the desires and the mind. He is so well versed in yoga that he can completely inhibit the action of the mind and enter into the trance condition. In a moment, if he so desires, he can turn his will to sufficient alertness

to bring his strength to any portion of his body and become superhumanly strong, or he can withdraw it from all outward expression and experience in the union of *samadhi*.

I wondered if he commanded the several powerful invisible elementals which I saw lay hold of and obsess him and add their strength to his when he broke the chain—a feat to be described later—or if they were self-attached. The yogis, in teaching the Hindu scriptures, show the way to a complete mastery of all things in nature and how to make them obey the will. If you ask Rama Murti how he accomplishes his wonderful feats, he will reply quite as simply as a child, "It is God's strength in my will, and a sound body in a sound mind." He has taught well, lived well, practiced well.

He reverences greatness too, no doubt, for he prostrated himself and made a very impressive presentation of flowers to his honored visitor, Mrs. Besant; it came quite spontaneously from the heart. Face to face they were before the multitude in the circus tent amid the cheers of the throngs who loved them both; one a spiritual giant, the other a physical one aspiring to her stature. Writing of him later she said:

This justification of the value of the ancient teaching of the Rishis in physical matters is of supreme importance in these modern days. The strength, vigour, hardiness, and long life of the ancient Aryan were the results of the daily physical training imposed upon him by his religion from early boyhood. Boys often now rebel against the daily *sandhyavandanam*, impatiently asking: What is the use of it? Apart from other uses, which they can hardly be expected to understand or appreciate, it has the physical use of increasing bodily vigour and stamina, and developing the mental power of concentration. The *pranayama*, which forms part of it, is a precious means of increasing chest capacity, making the lungs sound and healthy, and thoroughly aerating the blood. Breathing exercises now form in the West part of the daily practice of all who desire to develop health and strength, and the most effective of all breathing exercises is *pranayama*. . . . The steadfast abstinence from all sexual excitement, again, completes *Brahmacharya*, the retention in the body of all the elements of nervous and muscular strength—this, the command of the Manu, the Law-giver for the student life, is the secret of physical strength and vigour. And to render this possible, abstinence from meat and alcoholic liquors is essential. . . . Our modern Bhima, well-versed in *pranayama* and concentration, a *Bramacharin*, a vegetarian, a teetotaller, offers a splendid example of the value of the physical training of the ancient Aryans. He comes to modern India to justify old India from the physical standpoint, and to show the way to the attainment of that strength and vigour so necessary to India, a Nation. He makes the heroes of the *Mahabharata* live and breathe before us. . . .

Not a day passes that Rama Murti does not spend hours in endeavor to control the mind in concentration. He practices Western

athletics, but considers them secondary to those of the East; the former kept him supple, he opined, but the latter made him strong. He has challenged all comers and vanquished those who met him. Sandow alone scorned his challenge; some say because he feared the Indian's magic; others because he was an Indian. Be that as it may, Rama Murti wears today one hundred and seventy-eight medals from Kings and Queens, Maharajas, Viceroys—from both royalty and the lowly-born—all testifying to the wonder of his power.

THROWING OFF 6000 POUNDS

His feats are more than wonderful: they are simply marvellous, almost incredible. Great applause greeted Rama Murti as he advanced into the center of the circus ring. He is a large, powerful man, with dark flashing eyes and a grace and lightness typical of the perfect athlete. A quiet, dignified bow was given in grateful recognition of the cordiality of his reception when he passed to his task.

Seven men had previously with great difficulty rolled to the center of the ring a huge cubical stone weighing 6,000 pounds. Rama Murti stretched himself on the ground beside it and the men then rolled it over onto his back, which had nothing between it and the stone but a thin shirt. They then placed a smaller stone on the larger one and with sledge-hammers smashed it to bits. Several men even stood upon the stone for a few moments; then the Hercules rolled his body from side to side under it, succeeding in finally tossing it to the ground. Of course he was cheered to the echo, but he rose quietly and passed to his tent.

A heavy iron chain, with links three inches long and an eighth of an inch thick, was then passed around among the audience for its inspection and then thrown into the center of the ring. Several policemen and others had a game of "tug-of-war" with it; there must have been ten of them at each side, but they did not break it. A large beam was then brought and the chain passed round it; two chairs were placed across the beam, and on them and on the beam many men seated themselves to hold them down. Rama Murti stood between the two chairs with the chain over his shoulder. He closed his eyes and took several deep breaths, then lifted the chairs, beam and men; more men were piled until he could no longer lift them. After the third trial he succeeded in breaking the chain in the middle of one of the links, but not where it joined the other links—broke the chain with which about twenty men had previously played "tug-of-war"!

Rama Murti's next feat always appeals most to Indian children, but it astonishes many others too; many consider it the most remarkable of all his performances. A heavy board was placed across the Hercules' chest, a very large elephant took his place upon it, stepped back and forth upon it, teetered for about a minute, then walked off. So did Rama Murti, quietly, as the crowd went mad.

Presently a Ford car ran into the ring and spun proudly around it, taking up its position on one side. Pride goeth before a fall, they say; certainly it was the only thing which later did go, for the car itself did not budge, try as hard as it might, as Rama Murti held on to its rear axle with the aid of a rope. "Does any gentleman of the audience wish to drive the car?" he asked. Someone did, and tried; but all to no purpose against such strength. At this moment the pride of the Ford car rose again in the protesting person of another car of its kind, which now rushed to the assistance of the vanquished one. Opposite each other they stood, some twenty-five feet apart, back to back. Ropes were attached to their rear axles, and they made ready to start simultaneously in opposite directions, and did so. But Rama Murti

willed otherwise, holding the ropes around his powerful arms. "Go," he shouted. Again the brave little machines tried and failed; they could journey to India all the way from America, by land and sea, and bring with them a reputation for climbing the steepest mountains, but in the grasp of this giant they struggled, snorted, roared in protest—then died. Forty horsepower held in a vise by one man!

One of the things that impressed the observer most was the perfect calm of Rama Murti himself; in all his feats he remained unmoved, undisturbed, the essence of power. Words are so inadequate to describe what was felt on seeing such marvels. No less unusual was the act that followed. He stepped into the center of the ring and spoke; considering the circumstances and the place, it was the most impressive speech I ever heard.

In simple language this strange man told the story of his power and made an appeal to the young men of India to follow his example and cultivate physical and mental power such as he possessed, which was possible to all of them. He said that of himself he could do nothing; that all his strength came from loving God; that he placed his mind in unison with Him as he performed his feats; that by breathing exercises, by physical gymnastics, by living an absolutely pure life, by practicing concentration and will-power and by meditation on the Supreme, he had grown from great weakness to great power. He said that he had learned by the control of the will to focus his mind upon any part of his body and at that spot he could bring all his strength to act in resistance or assistance. "Live thus," he said, "and you will love God and be able to express God's power."

A sermon from the strong man of a circus ring! It hushed to eloquent silence the vast audience; even the clown's folly-bells ceased their jeering tinkle.

RAMA MURTI
THE HERCULES MAGICIAN

Soldiers' Faith in Charms

Ancient superstitions are not yet dead and done with. The following paragraph from an article on "The Wearing of Religious Emblems at the Front" gives us a curious instance of this:

Touchwood is a tiny imp, mainly head, made of oak, surmounted by a khaki service cap, and with odd sparkling eyes, as if always on the alert to see and avert danger. The legs, either in silver or gold, are crossed, and the arms, of the same metal, are lifted to touch the head. The designer, Mr. H. Brandon, states that he has sold 1,500,000 of this charm since the war broke out. Not long ago there was a curious scene in Regent's Park. This was the presentation of "Touchwood" to each of the 1200 officers and men of the 36th Battalion of the City of London Regiments (known as the "Cast Irons") by Mlle. Delysia, a French musichall dancer, before they went off to the Front. Never has there been such a public exhibition —uncontrolled and unashamed—of the belief in charms.

We may laugh at this, and "Touchwood" is certainly not a very dignified representative of amulets, but there is much evidence to show that the calm and courage of the men at the front have been very much increased by the faith the soldiers have in the protective power of their charms. The religious emblems are, of course, the most potent, and the fact that her son died with one of these upon his person has been a source of great comfort to many a bereaved mother. The article quoted above gives many instances of cases where a man attributes his safe emergence from a situation of great danger to his having had with him a rosary, an Agnus Dei or the Sacred Heart. This last is especially valued.—*The Adyar Bulletin.*

Death has no power th' immortal soul to slay,
That, when its present body turns to clay,
Seeks a fresh home, and with unlessened might
Inspires another frame with life and light.
So I myself (well I the past recall),
When the fierce Greeks begirt Troy's holy wall,
Was brave Euphorbus: and in conflict drear
Poured forth my blood beneath Atrides' spear.
The shield this arm did bear I lately saw
In Juno's shrine, a trophy of that war.

—*Dryden's* Ovid.

The prayer of My Servant is precious unto Me. Every hour do I receive it. But of a peculiar sweetness is the prayer of one that seeks Me and falters on the way. For him I wait, and over him I watch all the night, until the morning break, and the shadows are fled.—*Words out of the Silence.*

Did Francis St. Alban Die in 1626?

Ernest Udny, M. A.

HE IS SAID in the histories to have died on the 9th of April, 1626, but some well-informed Baconians find reason to believe that he really lived for many years afterwards. There is no doubt that he himself wished it to be believed that he died then; and the secret was well kept by the few who would know the truth. Anything like direct and obvious proof that he was living afterwards is of course wanting; otherwise it would be unnecessary to mention the matter here. There are however indications sufficient to lead to a pretty strong presumption, though the limits of this article exclude their consideration here. All that can be done is to give the conclusions, for the benefit of readers who may be interested in knowing them.

In 1621 he had been, as we have seen, most wrongfully "disgraced." He then went to live quietly on the family estate of his foster-parents, Sir Nicholas and Lady Ann Bacon (both deceased many years before), at Gorhambury near St. Albans. He never afterwards emerged from retirement, but devoted himself to literary work, among the first fruits being the famous Folio Edition of the "Shakespeare" Plays, published significantly in 1623, *seven years after the death* of the supposed author, William Shakespeare, though containing a number of entirely new plays as well as a number revised (not to say rewritten) and considerably enlarged. The reasons which, some years later, in 1626, led him to take the very unusual step of going through a fictitious death, are to be sought in his personal relations with the royal family. As the lawful heir to Queen Elizabeth, he became of course, on her death in 1603, the legitimate successor to the throne; and it was only through the machinations of his supposed cousin (perhaps, really, a younger son of the Queen's) and life-long enemy, Robert Cecil, that he was deprived of the royal position. Cecil, who, according to a most circumstantial account in the Ward Owen cipher, murdered the Queen with his own hands, as she lay ill in bed, had been for two years previously in secret correspondence with King James VI. of Scotland; and there is a legend (quite likely to be true) that, when James arrived in London after the Queen's death, he and Cecil between them took St. Alban, shut him up in a room in the Tower, and crowned him King of England without asking his leave, afterwards compelling him, under threat of death, to sign an abdication, and also no doubt to surrender the duly attested

evidence of his royal birth which, lawyer as he was, he would have been careful to preserve. Having thus improperly obtained St. Alban's abdication, King James assumed the royal position, and allowed St. Alban to show him how to rule. The reign was not a very happy one as it was; but, without St. Alban's help, it might have been far worse. The lines already quoted from the cipher: "That ungrateful man upon whose head I set the crown . . . ," give some idea of the relations between the two men.

When James was approaching his end, he gave instructions to his son Charles: "I have spared the man, but he is too big to be allowed to live. You must take his life." There the story ends, but we can guess the rest—how St. Alban came to know of this, and told King Charles that he need not murder him, as he (St. Alban) had had quite enough of public life. He had already been living five years in retirement, and all he desired was to be left in peace and leisure to pursue his literary labors. He was perfectly willing and able to disappear in such a manner that no one should know that he was still living.

And he was as good as his word. He followed the plan, which he had long before described Juliet as following, in "Romeo and Juliet," although, as an occultist he probably did not need, as she did, to have recourse to a drug. He would almost certainly be able to do as fakirs have been known to do in India,—leave his body at will and return to it afterwards when he thought fit. There is reason to believe that after allowing his body to "lie in state" so that there might be no doubt about the death, he came to life again and went off disguised as a lady's maid, leaving England at once on a long voyage. His death did not take place till a great many years later, probably in 1668, and eight years later, in 1676, he was reborn into the royal family of Hungary as Francis Rakoczi, afterwards recognized by the nobles of Hungary—with whom he took the field at the head of an army against usurping Austria—as Francis Rakoczi II. It is interesting to note that he bore in this life the same Christian name as in the previous one, and that he came very near to being king (without actually reigning, just as he had done in England) and that too in the very country of Hungary where 250 years before, in his incarnation as Hunyadi Janos (or John Hunyadi) he had attained the semi-royal position of Regent during the infancy of the reigning Prince, and had led the Hungarian forces as generalissimo against the invading Turks, whom he successfully drove out.

He is said to be still wearing the body born in 1676, and there is nothing incredible in the statement, at least for occultists, who

are familiar with the idea that those who have reached the lofty occult rank of Master of the Wisdom can and do continue to wear the same physical body for much longer periods than that. The reason their bodies last so enormously longer than those of ordinary mortals is, that they lead absolutely chaste and temperate lives, free from all human passions and weaknesses, and they continuously enjoy the Great Peace of Nirvanic consciousness, even while awake in the body—that peace of God which passes all understanding.

There has been a certain mystery as to which of the Rakoczis really was the great ego who had been Francis Bacon, and who through part of the 18th century called himself the Count St. Germain. The latter had probably, as we shall see, pledged himself not to solve the mystery; but there is no reason that *we* should not solve it if we can; and it is not really a difficult problem.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's valuable and interesting book, *The Count St. Germain*, published by the "*Ars Regia*," *Casa Editrice del Dottor Sulli-Rao*, Milan, 1912, offers no suggestion of her own as to his identity, merely quoting two contemporaries who knew him. Both these admitted that they did not really know who he was, but said they imagined him to be one of the sons of Francis Rakoczi II. That however cannot very well have been the case, as the Countess Gergy, who also knew him personally, said that when she had met him in Venice, in 1710 or earlier, he appeared to be a man of about forty-five years of age. Now it was fifty years after this meeting when she made the statement, and she might be so far mistaken as to take him for older than he was, particularly as she was a child at the time; but she could hardly mistake a lad of fourteen or so for a man of forty-five. If, however, we assume the man whom the Countess met to have been Francis Rakoczi II. (who in 1710 would be thirty-four) instead of his son, the difficulty vanishes. History relates that Rakoczi II. died in 1735 at Rodosto, a Turkish port on the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora, and the Count St. Germain certainly *did not die before* 1784. But in dealing with a mysterious person of this sort, who was so successful in concealing his identity, this need not daunt us. He had a century before, and in another body, gone through an appearance of dying without really dying at all, and it would not be surprising if history repeated itself.

Again the motive for such an unusual proceeding is to be found in his relations with a royal personage—this time the Emperor of Austria. When Rakoczi gave up the struggle with Austria, his estates would of course be in the possession of the Emperor; and he himself being penniless, seems to have come to England incognito

and to have supported himself by his pen, thus enriching the land of his previous birth with much of the splendid literature of Queen Anne's and the two succeeding reigns, published like the greater part of the Bacon writings under other men's names. Ordinary Baconians, who have not the Theosophic key of reincarnation to help them, have notwithstanding been so struck by the similarity of the Queen Anne literature to Bacon's writing, that they have invented wonderful theories to account for it, assuming that the things had been written by Bacon, and for some mysterious reason kept back for one hundred years. The real explanation seems to be that it was the same great ego in another body.

The question how much of the 18th century literature was really his, is, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "another story." The present writer is convinced that all the poems issued under the name of Alexander Pope were his, also a good deal of the writings attributed to Defoe; including for certain *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and *The Journal of the Plague Year*. Both the latter seem to be accounts of some of his own doings in the Bacon body, after his supposed death in 1626, carefully disguised of course as to the identity of the author. He was also the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, of Addison's *Cato*, and of much of *The Spectator*. The earliest number of that magazine is anonymous and contains the following curious and interesting statement: "Three things I must keep to myself. These are my name, my age, and my lodgings." As a matter of fact he was then thirty-five.

It would not be very surprising if his fictitious death at Rodosto in 1735 was the outcome of a secret arrangement entered into with the Emperor of Austria. The substance of this would be that Rakoczi was to receive back his estates, and, in return, he and his sons were to abandon all claim to the Kingdom of Hungary, and to drop the dreaded name of Rakoczi; the sons taking, as they did, the assumed names of Marquis of San Carlo and Marquis of Santa Elizabetta, and their father going through an appearance of death, and ever after concealing the fact that he was still alive. This concealment he ingenuously effected by assuming the title of Santo Germano (Italian for Holy Brother), a title evidently intended to lead people to suppose, as in fact they did, that he was the brother of the two Marquises, instead of being their father. He had already, on his travels, been using the title of Count St. Germain at the Court of France. He was fond of plays upon words, and he merely turned this title into Italian. His youthful appearance made it easy for people to believe that he was the brother of men who were

really his sons; and, from the occult point of view, he was quite entitled to assume the title of holy, having already, soon after the year 1700, taken the fourth step on the Path of Holiness, which makes a man technically an *Arhat*, meaning the venerable or the sinless.

The above speculation as to the motive of the feigned death is in perfect harmony with, if not actually supported by, a statement quoted in Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's book, p. 33. The writer of that statement had been questioning the Count by desire of the Markgraf of Brandenburg-Anspach, with whom he had been staying, as to his name and family; and he replied that "the proofs of his origin were in the hands of a person" (i. e., the Emperor of Austria) "on whom he was dependent, a dependence which had brought on him in the course of his life the greatest espionage." The same writer remarks: "What resources M. de St. Germain had, to defray the necessary expenses of his existence, it is hard to guess." It only remains to add that he actually went through a third appearance of death forty-nine years later, as Mrs. Cooper-Oakley hints; the motive being to avoid curiosity at his unusual span of years. "The church register of Eckernforde near Schleswig" (in north Germany now, but then in Denmark) "shows that St. Germain died on February 27, 1784, in this town in whose church he was entombed *quite privately* on March 2nd."

The Angel of Death

Louise R. Waite

O Death! to realms of untold joy
Thou art the door:
Thou art the opening of the eyes
All closed before:
Thou art the rending of the veils
O'er Light, forevermore.

O Death! to home and sweetest rest
Thou art the way;
Thou art the opening of the ears
That were as clay;
Thou art the night that swiftly turns
To radiant day.

O Death! what miracle is thine?
Why need we dread
To hear the rustle of thy wings
Above our head?
Thou art the messenger of Life—
There are no dead!

Science of Occult Healing

Marie Russak Hotchner

CHAPTER VI.

Ancient and Modern Healing

THE fascinating subject of healing-miracles, and especially those in relation to the elements, having been dwelt upon in our last chapter, I shall describe some of the phenomena of other methods, the healing art of the ancients, clairvoyant investigations with regard to faith-cure, and the place of the subconscious mind and of other superphysical factors.

If we study our subject in relation to the ancients we shall not only be deeply interested and instructed but we shall see what a vital place the subconscious mind plays in healing, what a power is the human will, and how the forces of nature obey it. Some of those practices persist to the present day among the peoples with whom they originated, and they have also spread to alien lands.

In the Bible we read of the healing-miracles of Jesus and His casting out evil spirits to dispel the disease. He received those teachings from the Essenes. Some of them are still practiced by the magicians of Japan and China, as well as of India and other eastern countries. In the West also there exist occult practices of this kind, but they are little understood. There is no question that many nervous and mental diseases are the result of the presence of discarnate entities (especially epilepsy and insanity), and if the use of the will is understood in relation to the states and stages of subconscious mind, these can be both exorcised by magic and dispossessed by the will.

Recently on my journey to China I met a learned man who had spent over thirty years in the interior of that country, not as a religious missionary, but as an educational, medicinal, and scientific one. He assured me that the exorcising of evil spirits in cases of disease was a very frequent occurrence in many of the villages. He described several cases which he himself had witnessed and related things which confirm some of those to be mentioned in a future article about China—things which we ourselves witnessed later.

The most interesting case was that of a Chinese woman who had fallen in love with another woman's husband. Both families were personally known to my friend; in fact he had long been the physician

to the family of the unfortunate young woman. He was sent for on one occasion to attend her, and found her unconscious. She had suffered so deeply from her unhappy love, which she considered had disgraced her, that she had determined to die. She wrote a letter of farewell to her people, then swallowed some opium. The physician labored for many hours to restore her to consciousness, but the remaining flicker of life grew feebler and feebler and at last, to all appearances, went out.

The father of the young woman refused to give her up, rushed into the village, and brought a well known magician. This doctor of magic, after questioning the physician and approving of all his efforts to restore her to consciousness, commanded that some little child be fetched to him. A small boy, the sufferer's younger brother, who had been standing outside the door, was brought in. He began to make passes over the child's head, to murmur strange incantations, and as a result the boy fell into a trance; the magician then questioned him as follows:

Q. Is the treatment proper which has been given? A. Yes.

Q. What did she take? A. Opium.

Q. What more can be done? A. Magic, to cast out a devil.

Q. Will she live? A. Yes, for a few weeks; then she will take a larger dose of opium and die.

After some personal questions about himself, the magician wakened the child. He then turned the patient on her face and went through exorcisms and magical rites. In a short time she revived, much to the surprise of the physician and to the delight of the family. In a few days she seemed restored to health, but not finally to happiness in the light of what eventually took place. About six weeks later a funeral procession passed my informant's house; upon inquiring who had died he learned that the poor lovelorn woman had at last succeeded in ending her life by taking a dose of opium.

This friend assured me that such things were quite a common occurrence and that he had often seen people thus apparently raised from the dead by magical rites; he as a physician knew them to be dead. He told me many strange things about the knowledge and healing magic of the Chinese. One remark he made seemed very significant: "We may be able to teach them a few things about asepsis, surgery, and western pharmacopoeia, but it is ridiculous for us to try to teach them religion, spiritism, or philosophy, except in a very general way. Science of physical facts, perhaps yes, but at my age (sixty) I sometimes feel like bowing down to very young

Chinese men when they tell of their love of God, their religious beliefs and philosophy, and their knowledge of superphysical facts."

The knowledge and magical healing practices of the old Chaldeans are proverbial, and we know that at present they are still very adept in curing all manner of diseases. They recognized the value of astrology in their diagnoses; the whole race was called "star-worshipers," and each person had his particular "star-angel," who would, he was told, regulate his life. The priests had the power of commanding large numbers of these angels (devas) and used them in their healing magic and for other beneficent purposes.

It is only when one glimpses the record of the usages of astrology in those ancient, and in some countries in these modern times, that one regrets deeply that it is so little understood and appreciated in the West. It is not that it is absolutely necessary in curing disease, but that it can be used in such practical ways to guide the healer. Steadily and surely astrology is ceasing to be considered as a fortune-telling art only, and ere long it will enjoy the general consideration of the most learned. The one who ignores it is as a person content to use a tallow candle by which to read when all about him there are brilliant electric lights ready to be utilized if he but possessed the simple knowledge of turning the switch-key. The self-satisfied conservatism of the one who loves his tallow candle evokes our pity more than our condemnation.

In ancient Chaldea when a child was born his whole life was regulated according to the planets at his birth; later the priests explained to him the physical, astral, and mental tendencies with which he was born, the practices necessary to their improvement, and their possibilities, not alone those of the present life but those of after-death life and in the reincarnation to follow.

Disease was one of the subjects that received more than usual attention. The sufferers were given treatment by the laying on of hands, by anointing with water and oil previously magnetized by the priest, by astrologically-prepared drugs, by the use of color—the colors related to the ruling planet and other planets bearing upon the illness, as shown in the horoscope. Water was often magnetized by covering it with a piece of colored glass and then placing it in the rays of the sun.

An interesting case was that of a pregnant woman who was ill. She was not only given water charged with her own astrological colors, thus making her specially receptive to it, but the prenatal horoscope of her unborn child was also cast, and the food and water given her were astrologically helpful to it. The treatment was given

her with impressive ceremonial rites in a room, the color of her ruling planet; talismans with healing potencies were also given her. I shall not pause here to give the formula of charging a talisman, as that will come in a future article on that particular subject.

The Egyptians used similar methods to those of the Chaldeans. It was interesting to note that they employed the medium of grape-juice for liquifying their drugs. Psychically examined, grape-juice is seen to possess practically equalized portions of each prismic color, which makes its use advisable and helpful to almost every temperament; the same is true of milk, cereals, pine-nuts, almonds, and some fruits. I point this out because as a general rule each kind of food has its own predominant color making it specially helpful to some but not so much so to others.

In later Egyptian times a remarkable pharmacopoeia was developed at Kem, from which our modern word "chemistry" is derived. Magnetism and ceremonial magic were also used, the latter being very elaborate.

A description might be interesting of how the Egyptians charged with healing potencies such an object as a sphinx in a subterranean room of a temple. The vault was constructed in the shape of a cross; one of the arms, that extending to the north, was longer than the other three and reached beyond the entrance of the temple underneath the huge sphinx which was just over the portal. In each arm of the cross, and in the middle of the room as well, stood an altar at which a single priest was performing ceremonial magic related to the point of the compass which his altar faced. After he had generated sufficient potencies, the four passed simultaneously to the middle altar where a ceremonial of synthesizing all the potencies was performed under the direction of the high priest who stood there. Then all five passed into the vault under the sphinx; placing their hands upon the ceiling of the room (which was really the base of the sphinx), they charged the latter with all the healing and spiritual potencies they had been able to generate. They then returned to the center of the temple chanting and praying. This ceremony was performed each day at noon.

Outside the temple a different scene was witnessed; the people who were ailing physically and spiritually, upon reaching the sphinx stretched themselves upon its base to rest. They were mentally permeated by their own hopes and desires to be healed, for which purpose they had come to the temple; thus they made, first, a physical connection with the potencies imposed by the priests upon the base of the sphinx, and then followed the emotional-mental connection

by their desires and prayers to be healed. As a result many of them were cured almost miraculously at once, and others after several visits.

In the Eleusinian mysteries of Greece many such methods as those of the ancients were used in the art of healing. One special ceremony of a very beautiful character I shall mention. A patient was placed on a floral couch in the middle of a circular temple-room where incense was burning. In front of him were beautiful objects of art, upon which his eyes rested. The priest-physician sat near the head of the couch murmuring a suggestion of health and strength to the sufferer; around the two passed a procession of youths and maidens playing harps, singing, and performing at the same time a slow, undulating, rhythmic dance. Little by little the patient's subtler bodies became exalted, and at a psychological moment the priest laid his hands upon the head, with the command, "Rise, you are healed." The patient rose and was healed. This result was no doubt due to the action of the subconscious mind of the patient; when the particles of his three bodies had become sufficiently harmonized and he was religiously exalted, the physical senses were able to answer to the healing command of the priest and to the patient's own determination and faith.

If we glance over the whole field of psychotherapeutics from the most ancient times to the present, there cannot be a question of a doubt respecting the supernormal factors which are so vital a part in restoring the body to health. In Dr. Boris Sidis' recent books, and in works of other noted present-day psychopathologists, this fact is indisputably evident; each one of them admits the necessity for producing in the patient a quiescent state, and then interesting him in his own case and in self-diagnosis. They then make an appeal to the patient's moral and mental strength in order to complete the cure. In hypnosis, which many of them employ and which is so objectionable, the patient is commanded to be well and the operator's own strength is imposed in the manner previously described in the chapter on hypnotism.

When the treatments of those using modern faith-cure are examined psychically, a very vital connection between healer and patient is disclosed. If they are sufficiently near for the physical-etheric part of the aura of each to touch the other, they make a vibratory relationship psycho-physically, especially if the hand is laid upon the head of the patient. They make a psycho-emotional relationship also; the desire of the healer to perform the cure—a positive desire—unites psychically with that of the patient to be cured—a negative-receptive desire. This is effective on the emotional or astral plane.

Again, the positive intent of the healer to cure the patient unites mentally with the receptive mental condition of the latter praying to be cured, and on that plane also an effective relationship is established. If this unification of vibration is persisted in, a cure is often brought about in one treatment or even after several.

There is no question but that such methods are very effective in cases where the disease is the result of some nervous cause. I wrote of faith-cure methods at some length in the first chapter, and I have sincere respect for the very good work that is being done by the different sects that practice it, and what is to follow is in no sense whatever intended to cast any reflections upon them or their splendid work. Many of their beliefs and practices must enter into every effective system of healing. My long years' study of all branches of healing have not taken from me what I learned when I practiced faith-cure alone; but I wish to tell those who still practice it that the scope of their work is limited because they do not take into consideration analytical diagnosis of disease in relation to superphysical conditions and other planes of nature; also the power of will, and the place of the subconscious mind in both healer and patient. It is my firm belief that no healing can be done along *permanent, scientific* lines unless it is based upon certain fundamental principles which are guided by occult laws. These same laws regulate our evolutionary progress throughout its course, but it is not my purpose here to enter into that subject in its entirety. Certainly if a healer does not understand his place in the universe, or the evolutionary forces and laws within and without himself which rule him and his patient if he does not rule them, then he cannot understand the mechanism of healing processes; but if he will study these laws and principles, healing by occult methods will become as practical and demonstrable as the physical practice of medicine—even more so. When the student understands the form, life, and consciousness side of his nature, and the seven forces which play through them, he will find himself a complex being; but at the same time sufficiently simple for a general and practical direction of those forces by his will.

A three-fold division of his personality is distinctly marked. The physical body is one of those divisions, the emotional vehicle another, and the mental another. The question of good health means being in harmonious rhythmic relationship with all that corresponds to these bodies in cosmic nature outside oneself and understanding all that pertains to their vibrations within oneself.

This whole system of rhythmic vibration is conditioned by the stage of evolution at which a person stands. If he is normally de-

veloped he will possess a physical body in good health, emotions that are normal and controlled, and a mental body well-balanced and normally active. When such a normal expression is present and is viewed psychically, the bodies are seen to harmonize in vibratory sequence throughout their range, unbroken and undisturbed.

There are, however, great disturbance and interruption to natural vibration when disease or an obsession is present, and unless all three vehicles are considered in diagnosing such cases, much time and effort are wasted in attempts to heal; in fact, very often the efforts fail entirely through lack of such consideration.

One out of many examples will suffice to illustrate my meaning:

A young girl of about fourteen years suddenly went insane. Her mother employed a faith-cure healer, who treated the daughter for about three months without any permanent help. The nerves of the patient grew better under the efforts of the healer, the physical body became normal, and she was less violent at times; but the hallucinations continued. A relative of the child came to ask me about the case. When I went to see her the healer happened to be present, and the earnest prayers and affirmations which were sent out in the effort to heal carried light and strength-particles of force from the aura of the healer into the physical and astral bodies of the child, for these were in a sense functioning normally and were negatively receptive to healing forces. But it was a strange thing that met the inner vision when it was turned upon the mental body of the child. In it was safely lodged an obsessing entity, a girl of about sixteen years, who before her death had been a trapeze performer in a circus and who had been killed by a fall. In some mysterious way her spirit had been attracted to the little girl who was now insane. Some time previously the latter had been swinging in a rope swing at school, and she fell, striking her head. The jar caused a "fissure" to occur in her mental body, which interrupted the proper vibratory relationship between that vehicle and the astral; therefore her own consciousness was out of touch with the cerebrum brain centers in the physical body. This gave the spirit an entry and lodgment in the fissure. She took possession, substituting her own mental and astral body for that of the child and partially pushing away the weakened mental body. The peculiar mania of the girl who fell from the swing was that she was still swinging, but in a circus where many people were applauding and a band playing, in fact, she constantly described circus scenes.

At that time I was just practicing the first steps in focussing the consciousness, and I did not yet know how to treat such a case and how to expel the obsessing entity. So I asked the aid of a friend who

did know. The relief to the child was immediate; after expelling the entity, the friend, by use of the will, directed some unconditioned cosmic mental matter into the fissure—the wound in the child's mental vehicle—and surrounded the brain with etheric particles. She absorbed them and in about three weeks was quite normal once more.

In every case of insanity psychically examined, I have found the difficulty always lay distinctly marked in the disturbed vibratory relationship between one or other of the three vehicles, and just in the region where one joined the other.

In comparison to their cures of other diseases, the success of faith-cure, hypnotism, and allied methods, in treating insanity, melancholia and epilepsy, has fallen far below the normal. It is my firm belief, as a result of long years of observation of such cases, that this is due to an inability to perceive that the causes are very often in the invisible vehicles of the sufferer, and that therefore the customary diagnosis and general treatment do not reach the origin of the disease.

I grant that it is not possible for people generally to have the assistance of psychic investigation, but there are certain unmistakable symptoms which point as signposts to the hidden causes.

In insanity it is generally quite evident where the troublesome cause lies. If the mania is some intellectual *idée fixe*, and the sufferer dwells upon it constantly or upon ideas related to it, then the cause lies *alone* in the "diseased" mental vehicle. Suggestionism will sometimes avail, but such cases can rarely be cured because, when examined psychically, they reveal an interruption (almost impossible to remedy) of proper vibration where the mental and astral vehicles join. There is more hope for a cure if the patient's mentation is not wholly separated from the cerebrum centers and if he realizes his condition sufficiently to unite with the healer's efforts to cure him. If the cause of the disease is an obsessing entity, then the power of will applied through occult methods will alone avail, and these cases are easier to cure than the ones just described. In purely mental diseases the additional remedies must be such as pertain to the cerebrum, spinal cord, central nervous system, and pituitary body. When the cerebrum is removed, it is found that only automatic instincts persist; feeling and desire are still present. This substantiates the hypothesis that the cerebrum is the medium of expression between the mental vehicle and the physical consciousness.

If the mania arises from grief, shock, or anything related to the emotions, then the cause lies in a separation between the astral vehicle and the physical, the fissure lying above the physical and in the astral. When the cerebellum is removed, it is found that desire, even the desire

to eat, ceases; this demonstrates that the cerebellum is the principal medium of thought in relation to desires and emotions. The solar-plexus is, of course, the center of their physical expression. All remedial efforts should be related to the emotional cause, i. e., the solar plexus, the cerebellum, the pineal gland, and the sympathetic nervous system. These cases of emotional insanity are more easily cured than those of a mental origin.

But if the insanity arises from purely physical causes, the peripheral nervous system should be healed and efforts should be made to raise the "tone" or vibration of the physical into proper union with the astral. In the medulla oblongata will be found much of the trouble; the interruption of vibration between the physical and the astral vehicles causes congestion in the cranial nerves, spinal nerves, sense organs, and motor end plates. Such physical plane insanity is easily cured in the majority of cases.

In most epileptics the cause lies in the emotional vehicle, often occasioned by prenatal conditions, but more often by some experience in a previous incarnation or in the astral life between incarnations. There are methods of healing these difficulties and sufficiently unifying the emotional vehicle with the physical to overcome the tendency for them to separate from each other. But epilepsy and insanity must be dealt with in another article as they are vast subjects by themselves. However, in epilepsy the causes are generally psychic; much more often psychic than in insanity.

The power of the will in suggestionism as applied to these cases and their effects will be described in its proper place. But at this point it might be well to mention that healers recognizing these super-physical factors must remember that the subtler matter of the invisible planes answers to and follows the impulse of the will. This is especially true of the physical ethers lying closest to the dense body, and it occurs whether one is aware of it or not, or whether the intent to cure is through faith, prayer, or deliberate design. Ignoring this fact causes frequent failure and occasional dire results. The following incident illustrates what I mean:

A friend who practiced faith-cure lived near me. One day her husband was taken with heart-failure, and she tried to bring her mind to bear upon him by affirming that his heart was in perfect health. As he did not improve, but grew worse, she came to me to ask for assistance. When I reached him I found that there was an entire absence of etheric matter in the region of his heart and that the organ was gradually ceasing to beat. I asked her what she had been doing and she replied that she had been affirming, "Your heart is in perfect

health; it is perfectly well; there is no such thing as a diseased heart," and so on. This had so focussed her will and intense desire upon his heart that it had swept away the etheric matter around and in it and interrupted the vibration between the planes of subtle matter surrounding it, so that there was no bridge left across which vitality—one of the great forces which sustain life—could cross to the physical organ. Naturally it was growing weaker. If I had not sufficiently understood how to focus the consciousness so as to form an ovoid out of etheric matter and place it around the heart, the worst might have happened. But in a few moments he revived, and I further offended my friend's faith by adding to my treatment two cups of strong, black coffee! This aided in stimulating the vibrations of the physical body so that it could come into closer union with those of the astral and mental and receive their revivifying influence; for on the perfect union of the three depends health.

When one enters upon the study of the occult in relation to healing, these are some of the possibilities which confront him, some of the necessities which are apparent, some of the methods which seem invaluable. While in a sense such diagnosis may seem impracticable owing to the rarity of clairvoyance, this is not such a hindrance as it might seem at first. I know of many groups and individual healers is several countries who are taking into consideration these occult laws and conditions and who are doing fine work though few of them possess any psychic faculties.

These laws and conditions can be utilized by studying the nature of man's three vehicles, the states and stages of consciousness, the relation of the subconscious mind to them and to the vehicles, and the use of the will in guiding the forces within and without them. It is not so complex as may be thought. It must of necessity remain a hypothetical system until practice and results have demonstrated its truth; but this will follow as surely as night succeeds day.

The complexities will in time appear as only intellectual, and practice will simplify them into the widely accepted dictum, *similia similibus curantur:* For physical diseases, physiological diagnosis and means of cure; for emotional diseases, psychoanalysis and psychotherapeutics; for mental diseases, mental diagnosis and metapsychosis through suggestionism. In other words, classification of all diseases according to physics and metaphysics, and then the application of the remedial agencies directly related to the causes, in whatsoever realm of man's nature they may lie—conscious or superconscious.

The first obstacle to the acceptation and actual demonstration of what to many is a hypothetical method is, as I have said, intellectual.

It can be removed by clearly understanding the difference between *physiological functions* and *psychological functions.* The former are related to brain and other physical organs, and conscious life; the latter, to consciousness itself, which has no organs but is conditioned and applied by the will, in the superconscious realms, to centers corresponding to the physical, and allied occultly with it.

It is those correspondences and the laws which govern consciousness that we shall discuss in the next chapter, as also the manner of healing diseases by the occult method which recognizes the three-fold nature of the personality.

White Light

Marguerite Percy

O Great White Light!
Outpouring from the Innermost
Down through the Night.

O Holiest Light!
Filling the mystic Chalice
Of a new rite.

Down-streaming Light!
From the full Cup o'erflowing
With constant might.

O Healing Light!
Immortal strength bestowing
In death's despite.

Atoning Light!
Enfolding all creation—
One in the Height.

When any person doth ill by you, or speaks ill of you, remember that he acts or speaks from a supposition of its being his duty. Now it is not possible that he should follow what appears right to you, but what appears so to himself. Therefore, if he judges from a wrong appearance, he is the person hurt since he too is the person deceived. For if any one should suppose a true proposition to be false, the proposition is not hurt, but he who is deceived about it. Setting out, then, from these principles, you will meekly bear a person who reviles you, for you will say upon every occasion, "It seemed so to him."

—*The Enchiridion* of Epictetus.

A MAN WITH A VITAL MESSAGE
FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

ROBERT MURRAY PRATT

Lecturer

Subjects

The Disease of Fear.
The Hell of Hate.
The Power of Passion.
The Medium of Meditation.
The Call of Concentration.

The Continuity of Life.
The Cycles of Destiny.
The Land of Dreams.
The Sleep of Death.
The Music of Two Worlds.
The Pilgrimage of Life.
The Gates of Birth and Death.
The Enchanted Universe.
The Sunny Side of Death.

The Affirmations of Shakespeare.
The Tempest. Hamlet.

Tolstoi. Tagore.
Whittier. Emerson.
Browning. Wordsworth

The Signs of the Times.
The Gospel of the Golden Age.
The Spirit of Democracy.
The Watchword of the French Revolution
The Ministry of Destruction.
The New Patriotism.

The Spice of Life.
The Science of the Soul.
The Growth of the Soul.
The Food of the Soul.
The Distillery of the Soul.
The Gymnastics of the Soul.
The Mistakes of the Soul.
The Keys of the Soul.
The Music of the Soul.
The Angel of the Soul.
The Harvest of the Soul.
The Star of the Soul.
The Dark Night of the Soul.
The Calendar of the Soul.
The Eternity of the Soul.
The Confluence of Souls.

The Religion of Thomas Paine.
The Religion of Abraham Lincoln.
The Religion of Sensible Men.
The Religion of the Cosmopolitans.

Three Years in West Africa.

Good Sinners and Bad Saints.
Distinguished Nobodies.
Heads and Faces.
Sisters of Eve.
The Man Behind the Mask.
The Contents of a Boy.

The Paradox of Prayer.
The Success of Failure.

Did God make man, or did man make God
Is the Bible the Word of God, or the wor
of man?
Was Jesus a human God, or a Divine man
Is Salvation a matter of character, or creed
Does humanity forgive its own sins, or doe
God pardon?
Can prayer heal the sick, or is it only a cur
for care?
Is the Holy Ghost a matter of fact, or fic
tion?
Is humanity really free, or is it governed b
fate?
Is the Atonement a matter of blood, o
love?
Are Heaven and Hell final conditions, o
two views of the same thing?
Will Science destroy Religion, or will it al
sorb it?

Thirteen Men.
The Man of Nazareth.
The Sign of the Cross.
Judas Iscariot.

The Soul of a Soldier.
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.
All Men are Liars.
All Men are Ghosts.

Out of the Everywhere

The Editor

Om! Mani Padme Hum!

At last we have heard chanted this Chinese prayer of the ages, with which Tibet is impregnated; which echoes constantly from its many temples; which issues daily from millions of lips; which is writ on all the Chinese highways—the weary pathway of the faithful pilgrims to Lhassa. Those who have trod that road tell us that the syllables are colored white, green, yellow, blue, crimson, and purple-indigo. Strangely enough these were the colors in sequence which, as an invisible aura, silhouetted the most beautiful statue of the Lord Buddha one could desire to see. The surroundings were also most unusual—a temple on the heights above the sea at Penang, in the Straits of Malacca.

Reading from the guide book one learned of it. Prosaic enough was the announcement among several other points of interest: "Old Chinese Temple." As the steamship was to remain twenty-four hours in port, we decided to visit some of the sights. We saw first the luxuriant gardens of Penang, a charming copious waterfall, the source of which has never been found; several explorers, we were told, had lost their lives trying to discover it in the wild mountain gorges that conceal it.

We next determined to see the "old Chinese Temple." Halting at a wide, rough, winding stairway, we were informed that we must now proceed on foot, or take sedan chairs. The latter we spurned, preferring to walk beside the other pilgrims up through the maze of stone steps, shrines, and sheltering trees—a long distance; but our weariness was of short duration, quickly losing itself in the delightful surprises and experiences that awaited us.

The simple portal of the temple was in no sense indicative of the lavish wealth and splendor within. It was unmistakably a Buddhist temple, which was a great surprise. In the entrance court were several shrines, for various suppliants. The most striking was that of a laughing lama whose grin was supposed to bring joy to the depressed, to those who lighted sufficient incense sticks and gaudy candles to

transfer his good humor to themselves. Passing round the court, we lighted incense at the other shrines as we were too happy to need the benediction of the laughing lama. We thought we had received our share of the gifts which the gods could bestow, and finally we were about to depart. Our Chinese guide, however, was very insistent that we enter a small passageway to the right, and looking in we beheld a labyrinth of more steps; we paused to measure our strength, and finally decided to mount them.

It was not long ere we were well repaid for the effort. The sunken gardens on each side were full of the most exquisite flowers, ferns, and dwarf trees, and there were fountains and shrines all about us. In a grotto to the left was a small lake with fully fifty tortoises of great size, and a fountain contained rare goldfish of strange varieties.

A covered granite pergola, carved everywhere with *Om! Mani Padme Hum!*, led past the foundation of the real temple (which we were soon to view), upon which was written the entire *Pitaka* (a Buddhist scripture), displaying the lifetime work of a devoted sculptor—a marvellous offering requiring untold patience and labor.

Encouraged by the gentle guide, we plodded on to the top, entering an outer court with exquisitely wrought pillars; then we turned and viewed, first, the blue sea beyond framed in hanging vines and granite pergolas with ornate decoration; and second, the entrance of the main portal through which we beheld a sort of fading vista of shrines, leading finally to the main one crowning the top—a splendid structure nobly adorned. Filled with wonder at the unexpected beauty of the architecture, carvings, brass, and works of art, we made our way inward to the main shrine. In front of it were many people, pilgrims, lamas, and tourists of several nationalities. Proceeding as best we could in the obscurity, almost darkness, we found ourselves in front of a huge golden statue of the Lord Buddha, mysteriously lighted from the ceiling. It was startlingly beautiful and wonderfully impressive, shining out in the gloom. The serene countenance was of exquisite loveliness, the delicate lips tenderly smiling, the figure graceful and restful, seated in meditation upon the lotus flower.

OM! MANI PADME HUM!

Lord! Jewel of the Lotus, Hail!

We stood reverent, profoundly moved; we burned incense; we offered flowers; we rendered homage. An old priest singled us out of the visitors and tourists; beckoning, he led us to his own private shrine-room. No word needed to be spoken; he gave us seats and tea, but did not remove his gentle glance from us for long, nor did he ask a question.

Finally we both spoke and questioned. We told him where we came from, how we loved the Lord Buddha, since He had given the Divine Law to His people. We respected all religions; would he kindly tell us about the temple and the wonderful statue of the Buddha? He would. We were given a little book describing it, and heard that the golden figure was a copy of the great one at the supreme temple in Lhassa, had been made there, and then brought to Penang long, long ago.

As is customary, we gave a little offering to the temple, and were surprised that gifts were not asked from the tourists in the temple. But no! "We are erecting a pagoda with the pure offerings; any sum not blessed with love for the Lord would sully the magnetism of the structure," we were informed.

How profound are the depths of the occultism of the East! The law of opposites is fulfilled in the surface occultism of the West.

The priests near the shrine chanted, OM! MANI PADME HUM! The tourists filed in, and filed out again. Would he kindly teach us the sacred Chinese mantram? He would. Over and over again we chanted it together; then he wrote it down in Tibetan characters for us to keep. We three passed once more to the main room; the lama gave us blest flowers from the shrine to take with us.

Reluctantly we took leave of the beautiful image of the Lord; of the white-green-yellow-blue-crimson-purple-indigo atmosphere of His aura; of the kind old lama; of the fountains shimmering with fish and darkened with tortoises; of the flowering trees arching the wide ruined steps; of the following-after echoes of the chanting: OM! MANI PADME HUM! ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Buddhist School for Girls

When in Ceylon recently I had the pleasure of attending the Silver Jubilee of the Musaeus School for Girls, and of witnessing the very splendid work of that indefatigable educational enthusiast, Mrs. Musaeus Higgins. The good she has accomplished for the Buddhist girls of Ceylon in the last quarter of a century will remain as an eternal monument to her perfect devotion and service.

It was in 1906 that I first visited the school with Colonel Olcott, and even though it was then in much smaller quarters, hundreds of girls had been housed and educated. As I viewed it recently, its more spacious grounds and dormitories, with a large fine building for the training of teachers, with playgrounds, etc., and noted the large increase in the number of students, its true importance and increasing usefulness were easily recognized.

Mrs. Higgins, who is a contributor to *The Channel*, was the recipient, on this twenty-fifth anniversary, of many well-deserved honors and expressions of loving gratitude. She has been ably assisted by Mr. Peter de Abrew, and by a competent faculty. We wish that people in the West, generously inclined, would send assistance to this altruistic educational work. On another page is described a psychic event of unusual interest which happened to Mrs. Higgins.

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Reconstruction of Science

Even in the midst of war—that apotheosis of separateness—the student of occultism can observe the new mental tendency which will be more fully ushered in after the peace. It sounds trite to say that we shall need to readjust ourselves to larger concepts, broader views, and finer ideals. Just what that reconstruction will be is rather clearly indicated in the realm of science. The whole tendency of science up to the present time has been to subdivide human knowledge into many distinct departments. That separation was doubtless necessary at first in order to clarify the boundaries of each science and to define the scope of its work. It assisted, too, in evoking in the votaries of each that enthusiasm of personal endeavor and that singlemindedness of purpose which resulted in so many brilliant discoveries. But it engendered also, as was perhaps natural, some feeling of jealousy and of antagonism, some sentiment that perhaps one or other of the sciences was more important than the others. In the effort to emphasize the individual value of each science, one important fact was somewhat overlooked. That was the inherent *unity* of all the sciences, the fact that Truth is one, that our subdivisions are artificial ones, helpful indeed for our study but not quite so helpful if they blind us to the fact that all departments of learning give of their light to make up the grand total of human understanding.

In a paper on "The Utilization of Psychoanalytic Principles in the Study of the Neuroses," read at the recent annual meeting of the American Psychopathological Association, Dr. James J. Putnam said:

> It is substantially admitted by every one that in whichever direction we move in thought, amongst the network of processes which, for the sake of convenience, we still classify separately as "bodily" and "mental," we find the same fundamental principles, or laws, everywhere observed; and we may therefore hope to see the three guides—philosophy, psychology, and physiology—coming gradually more nearly within shouting distance of one another. Or, to express the same sentiment in better terms, we may fairly hope, especially since the advent of psychoanalysis on the field, to see

intelligent and thorough-going introspection (whether of the trained and philosophic minded layman, working by himself, or of the trained and intelligent patient, working with his physician) joining hands with the skilled observation of animals . . . each lending support to the other, in new ways.

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Sir Conan Doyle a Spiritist

All of us who have long been students of occultism have noticed the extraordinary increase during recent years in the public interest about the possibility of a continued and conscious life after death and of communication between the two worlds. One notices it in traveling, in reading, in lecturing. In the letters which come to me, even now in far-off lands, nearly every post brings an inquiry about the condition of some dearly loved one who has passed on. Miss Stead's article in *The Channel* for October, 1916, commented on the fact that this dreadful war has had as one of its indirect consequences a more widespread discussion both in the trenches and at home of the post-mortem states. Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, *Raymond, or Life and Death*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is another timely contribution on the subject. Every well-known name thus added to the list of those who lend their testimony helps to carry conviction or encouragement to the many who have not yet investigated the question themselves but who are very glad to learn of the conclusions reached by eminent men and women throughout the world who have investigated carefully and thoroughly.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is respected and admired the world over for his originality and brilliant mental powers. Nor have these been devoted entirely to his works of fiction. Readers of this magazine will perhaps remember that in a previous number (January, 1916) something was said about one of his extraordinary psychic experiences. In a recent issue of *Light* he has come out with a clear and forceful conviction of the persistence of life after death and of intelligent communion between the living and the dead. I regret that space prevents the quoting of more than the following excerpts from so inspiring a pronouncement:

In spite of occasional fraud and wild imaginings there remains a solid core in this whole spiritual movement which is infinitely nearer to positive faith than any other religious development with which I am acquainted.

The days are past when the considered opinions of such men as Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion, Lodge, Barrett, Generals Drayson and Turner, Sergeant Ballantyne, W. T. Stead, Judge Edmunds, Vice-Admiral Osborne-Moore, the late Canon Wilberforce, and such

a cloud of other witnesses, can be dismissed with the empty-headed "all rot" formula.

As Mr. J. Arthur Hill has well said in a recent number of the *National Review*, "We have reached a point where further proof is superfluous, and where the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny. . . . We should now be at the close of the stage of investigation and beginning the period of religious reconstruction . . ." where these phenomena should be "taking shape as the foundations of a definite system of religious thought, in some ways confirmatory of ancient systems, in some ways entirely new."

These phenomena are confirmatory as to the existence of higher beings whom we may call angels and of an ever-ascending hierarchy above us, culminating in heights which are beyond our sight or apprehension, with which we may associate the idea of all-power or of God.

No trait of the form and no peculiarity of the mind are changed by death, but all are continued in that spiritual body which is the counterpart of the earthly one at its best, and still contains within it that core of spirit which is the very inner essence of the man.

As to whether communion between the living and the dead is right, personally I am not aware of any human power which has been given us without our having the right under proper conditions to use it. It is either an absurd farce or the most solemn and sacred of functions. When one knows, as I know, of widows who are assured that they hear the loved voice once again, or of mothers whose hands, groping in the darkness, clasp once again those of the vanished child, and when one considers the loftiness of their intercourse and the serenity of spirit which succeeds it, I feel sure that a fuller knowledge would calm the doubt of the most scrupulous conscience.

Men talk of a great religious revival after the war. Perhaps it is in this direction that it will be.

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A Book by Mark Twain's Ghost

When one remarks the universal wave of interest in psychic matters, especially in those pertaining to survival of the personality after death, one cannot but be convinced that the death knell of materialism is at last being sounded. Scientists, philosophers, and a great mass of people in general, are speaking and writing openly of their convictions and experiences. Sir William Crookes has recently said in *Light:*

Responding to your invitation I have no objection to reaffirm my my position on the subject of what are known as psychical phenomena, and to state once more, as I stated in my presidential address to the British Association in 1898, that in regard to the investigations first entered upon by me more than forty years ago, I adhere to my published statements and have nothing to retract. That I have not hitherto considered it necessary to commit myself to any generalization upon the facts to which I have drawn attention, does not in

any way invalidate my testimony regarding the facts themselves. In my opinion they substantiate the claims which have been made for them by several of my colleagues and friends in the society for Psychical Research, *viz.*, that they point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility in certain circumstances of communication between this world and the next.

Note also in the announcements of recent publications the predominance of books on psychic matters by brilliant authors. Mrs. Besant says that the war's harvest of souls has aided in this, for millions of dead are longing to come into touch with the loved ones on earth; and the more than millions of bereaved here are turning their thoughts to the lost ones gone before. This condition is a potent cause and is bringing about a convictive effect of the life after death which cannot be stayed by skepticism or scoffing. There will be extremes of credulity where the investigations are impulsed by curiosity, selfishness, and ignorance; there will be deceptions and duplicity from ignoble purposes, which is a pity. But experience will bring discrimination, and it is rare indeed to find a case of earnest investigation where the seeker, in spite of unfortunate experiences, does not glean sufficient proof to convince him of the truths of survival. Wisdom can be gained alone by experience; knowledge through experience is only the medium between ignorance and wisdom.

If I remember correctly it was Professor Wallace who stated that the members of the British Society for Psychical Research were convinced that many of the phenomena they investigated could not be accounted for except by acknowledging the aid of invisible agencies.

So skeptics and scoffers at the present time must reckon with brilliant minds and profoundly intellectual, scientific investigators.

A psychically transmitted book is just being published by Mitchel Kennerly, New York, which will no doubt awaken widespread interest as it purports to be written by the surviving personality of Mark Twain through the agency of the ouija board. Many will scoff at the idea. But it were better to reserve judgment until the book is read. The manuscript must contain a strong appeal for such a reliable and respected publishing house to consider printing it.

The birth of the book came to my notice in rather unusual and interesting circumstances; so much so that I shall relate them:

In the summer of 1916 I received a letter addressed to me as Editor of *The Channel*, from Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, of St. Louis, Missouri, concerning some communications she had received with a friend over the ouija board. She asked me to come to see her.

Mr. Hotchner and I having occasion to visit that city some time later, called upon her, and the outcome of the visit was interesting.

We found Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings delightful people of culture and refinement, and of unquestioned honor and sincerity. Shortly after our arrival a Mrs. Hays came in and we were told that she and Mrs. Hutchings sat together at the board and had thus received many communications. Mrs. Hutchings stated frankly that she simply lent added psychic force, but that she alone could get no results from the board; together with Mrs. Hays she had received poems, messages, and finally some very witty remarks purporting to come from Mark Twain. As their style and humor were foreign to any one present, and so truly that of the famous wit, they felt reassured. Finally the story *Jap Herron* was given them and they submitted it to Mr. Mitchel Kennerly, who accepted it, and we were told that it was then in the press and would soon be given to the public.

Naturally we were deeply interested: above all I desired to see the board operate, especially as it was the first time I had been given the opportunity of investigating it.

Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays placed themselves opposite each other at the sides of the board; Mr. Hutchings took notes of each letter as it was indicated, while Mr. Hotchner and I sat at the ends of the board, a little distance from it. (A Kabalist might find some unusual significance in numbers, the names of all present beginning with "H.")

After a few moments the indicator moved on the board and some general remarks were made humorously about being on his good behavior in the presence of company. No question was asked, and he continued (I quote from Mr. Hutchings' record):

Board—Old Mark was studying isms for years. The problem of the hereafter was as much to him as to anyone. First appealed the old doctrine—when you sleep long enough, Saint Peter blows a horn and you get up. But that seemed a long shot, so I studied the harp-and-wings idea; but I could never play anything harmonious, and when I drew a picture of Mark Twain with two silver wings and a harp, Livy (his wife) laughed. "Your face doesn't look right," she said.

But I studied the cults of all lands, and transmigration of souls appealed to me most. I said I would like to come back to earth as a good little donkey, so I might graze happily on some sunny slope, Italy preferred; and little children would love and pet me, and the old glance tolerantly. Now and then I would raise my voice and laugh. But, alas! when I found that I was apt to return as a laughing jackass or a hyena, or mayhap a tree toad or a locust, I turned my faith from transmigration. . . .

I want to finish that which God gave me to do. For long years I worked for necessity's sake; then, with prosperity, I loafed. Age came, my muscles tired, my legs bent under me, and I began to forget. Then I knew that I would soon follow others who had left unfinished most of what was given them to do. I prayed, "O God, let me live longer in strength!" One day the door swung open, and I walked through into fields of green; but fields of green were not fairly won, and I wanted to tell the world the stories I was too old and lazy to tell them while I was yet quick; so graciously it was given that I come back to work.

Note by Mrs. Hutchings—We stopped long enough to tell Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner of the beginning and development of our work, and to discuss the mystery of the transmission. Mrs. Hotchner had known Mark Twain personally, so she easily recognized him by aid of the extended vision.

Mrs. Hotchner—I see Mark Twain now. He leans against Mrs. Hays' left shoulder.

Board—I like the eyesight that sees life in Old Mark, even when his soul is naked and a bit shocking to doubters.

Mrs. Hotchner—Your soul can be seen naked by anybody and need not be ashamed.

Board—I heard you talk last night [a public lecture given by Mrs. Hotchner]. I went with my "office force," because I thought it was "good for them to be there," as the old Methodists used to say. And although Mark Twain was not a prophet on earth, and has no reputation as a prophet in heaven, he knows that the friendship of this afternoon is only a primer to the education of years that will follow.

Note by Mrs. Hutchings—Mrs. Hotchner then told of her first meeting with Mr. Clemens, on the day of her graduation, when he presented the diplomas and expressed a desire to the Principal to be permitted to kiss each graduate.

Board—Say, I remember that I didn't want to kiss the Principal. She couldn't help her face—it was built on her, and she could not remove it; but, as kind-hearted people say, she had a good heart. What a multitude of sins of beauty is hidden by that remark! But how you girls blossomed forth from that somber background. Long since she plays her part again, either on fields of glory or reincarnated again. I hope that she chose a better vehicle for her good heart this time.

Note by Mrs. Hutchings—Mrs. Hotchner had desired a communication from Mark Twain on the subject of reincarnation, but she made no mention of this to Mrs. Hays or to us.

Board—I should like to talk with you about reincarnation. Those who prate about their wonderful personality are arrogating a thing that is not theirs, for that personality has been a personality for ages. Your wonderful personality, man of wonderful magnetism, may have descended to you from David, beloved of God despite his faults. That gift is not a gift. It is a soul reborn, polished and added to by years of added rebirth, for each age adds to the value of a soul as

each age grows in value; but that soul had always its value infolded.

Mrs. Hotchner—It is my desire to help give that message to the world.

Board—In the hands of those who know, is that which is of fullness and can be disclosed understandingly. It is not everyone who can carry a seed for planting and can know where is fertile soil. And I am glad to put my message in your plastic hand, so for the moulding (and, by the way, spell molding aright), mold my words into statues of virtue for the adorning of temples of common-sense. You feel my touch on your united fingers? So I hope that you will send that electricity through the pages of your book,—such flashes as will light Parnassus. . . .

Does it [reincarnation] not prove itself? Look into any generation of a family: like does not produce like, but the soul has a family feeling and longs to reproduce among its own. So the grandson may reproduce the great-grandfather. Often an alien soul slips into a family, bringing honor or dishonor. Thus, great men come from humble homes; and environment matters not. So does the rake defile that family whose every other soul was great. The ancients knew it, and we are but babes beside their knowledge. That may be questioned; but when all the scroll of Egypt is read, we shall stand ashamed. . . . Inside the wrappings of mummies sleep the memories of our forebears. . . .

I regret that a great deal of what was given is of such a personal nature that it cannot be made public; but I should like to add that Mr. Hotchner and I are convinced that Mark Twain is truly endeavoring to write a story in the manner described. The instruments he has chosen for its medium are of rare quality, devoted and sincere; above all, strictly conscientious.

We did not have time to hear any of the story of *Jap Herron*, but we are eagerly looking forward to reading it, and wish for it a great success. My secretary in Hollywood informs me that Mrs. Hutchings has sent an account of the inception of Mark Twain's story; unfortunately it has not yet reached me in this faraway land of India, so I fear it may be too late for this issue.

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The Death of Papus

We note with regret the death of Dr. Gerard Encausse in Paris. To occultists he was better known as "Papus, the Magician," and he called himself an "explorer of the unknown and infinite." He was associated in scientific and occult researches with most of the leading psychologists of the day and had a very large circle of friends, admirers, and pupils.

He was an accepted medical practitioner, and when the war broke out he went to the front as a military surgeon. Quite recently, while

treating a wounded soldier, he became infected and died as a consequence. He was the author of many valuable books which are standard in their special departments: *Tarot des Bohemiens* is a treatise devoted to the abnormal faculties possessed by gipsies; *Reincarnation; Magic and Hypnosis; Le Tarot Divinatoire; Conférences Esotériques*, are a few of his best known works, while his last one, written during the war, was *What Will Become of Our Dead?*—the topic of present absorbing interest.

Those who rejoice in the manifold signs of the broadening spirit of the times will be interested to know that he died a "good" Catholic and that in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette in Paris his funeral service was held.

The entire world of occultism has thus lost an eminent investigator and authority, and *The Channel* is even more personally sorrowful because he had promised to be an early contributor to its pages. No doubt he will soon reincarnate again, because the immediate future, which will be so pregnant with occult revelations and spiritual progress, will need him.

A Winter Night's Tale

J. C. Johnston

ONE winter's evening
My Beloved and I
Fell to gazing into the fire
To try our fortunes.
And after we had descried
Many strange emblems
In the glowing coals,
Crosses and circles
And phoenixes and griffins
And heads of gods,
Half man, half animal,
The flames took shape
Of a mirror wherein to read
Stories of the long-dead past.
And I took up my parable
And spake as follows:

For two thousand years
I was a stone at the corner of the principal street
Of a great city.
For two thousand years
The dogs of the town
Held their conclaves round me.

The loungers leant their elbows upon me,
Relating one to another
Such stories as such loungers tell.
They related their stories,
And from time to time
They spat at my base,
Not because they hated me or despised me,
But because God had put me there at the
corner of the street
For them to spit upon.

Two thousand long years
I stood there,
Daily I was deafened
By the roar of the carts,
Daily the rays of the sun
Blacked and beat me.
Once a poor water-carrier,
Moved by what divine impulse of pity
I know not,
"*Poor stone,*" *said he,*
"*If you are thirsty as I,*
And athirst you well may be, God wot,
Let me give you in God's name
These few drops of water."
And he emptied upon me the last gouts of his skin.

O Water-carrier,
Thou art little in the eyes of men,
Yet it may be that in God's eyes
Thou art not little.
May God bless thee, my Water-carrier,
To the ages of His Redemption.

Thrice in the two thousand years
Of my captivity
The Empire fell,
And thrice was the city taken.
But though the buildings
Crumbled about me,
Though the fierce fire with destroying tongue
Lapped palaces and temples in ruin,
God's hand was upon me
And I fell not.
Yea, for all my tears
And imprecations,
I fell not,
But remained
A stone at the city's street-corner.

In the day of the last sack of the city,
When the barbarians of the North

Swept down from the hills and took her,
There was a mighty lamentation
And crying in the streets,
For the end of the people was come.
And one fled in the dusk of the evening
And came to me and fell upon me, weeping.
And I looked and, behold,
A maiden of the palace,
Her hair all dishevelled,
Her gown torn at the breast
Disclosing her beauty.
Hot after her
Was the breath of her ravishers,
Fierce dwellers of the hills,
Clad in bear-skins and drunken
With wine and with slaughter;
And they laughed and stayed in their pursuit
To take their eyes' fill of her womanhood
and her despair
Before they had their will of her.

So she lay,
Her maiden breast warm upon me,
Wetting my bare flanks with her tears.
And they drew nearer,
And one stretched forth his hand to her.
And sobbing she cried, "O Stone,
Last relic of my loved land,
Be thou the altar of my maidenhood."
And with the dagger
That was in her hand
She slew herself.
And the drops of her sweet blood
Mingling with her tears
Dripped over me.

And my remembrance came back
In that hour of horror and fear,
And I knew the maiden for thee, O my Beloved.
Ah, woe is me!

But in that night
God was pleased
To deliver me.
And thou and I, my Beloved,
Passed onward through the gates of death
To the Presence Ineffable.

And after that I was born
A tree in the garden of the palace
In that same city, and thou, my Beloved,
Because thou hadst many lovers,

Dravest nails into the bark of the tree
Which was my body,
A nail for each lover,
That thou mightest hold them in thy remembrance!

Yet of all thy lovers
Perchance thou lovedst none
As thou lovedst me
Into whose body thou dravest those many nails,
That I might hold thee in my remembrance!

And in the end
They took of the wood of the tree
And made a pyre,
And on it they burnt thee for thy witchcraft
publicly,
That all men might hold thee in their remembrance!
So the twain of us
Passed onward through the gates of death
To the Presence Ineffable.

And again I was born
A slave in that self-same palace,
And thou wast a Princess
Of the Royal House.
And when they desired to wed thee
To a great King,
And thou refusedst,
They took and slew thee
And me with thee.
And we passed through the gates of death
To the Presence Ineffable.

* * * * * * *

And as I was speaking
The fire died down
And the chill of the Outer Spaces
Took hold upon us.
And we drew together,
My Beloved and I,
For warmth and comfort—
Two little atoms
In the momentary
Chill of the Outer Spaces.
Then there came,
Solemn as the heartbeat of eternity,
Twelve strokes of Midnight, and we,
Giving praise to God for His Glory
And our littleness,
Betook us right thankfully
To the rest which He had prepared for us
Until the morning.

Reviews

Raymond: or Life and Death*

Sir Oliver J. Lodge

The most widely discussed book in England at the present time is this remarkable one. It is a great book with a great mission. It is a fitting climax to a contention, made by the author eight years ago, that it was possible to speak with the dead; a climax which for the most part will remain a consummative proof of immortality or survival to those who have lived, worked and thought with this eminent scientist for the last quarter of a century. It will also prove of inestimable value in commanding the attention of serious-minded readers everywhere.

Sir Oliver says that he runs the risk of being scoffed at by thus printing private matters in order to be publicly helpful, but that he is moved by altruistic motives. Surely few if any would scoff at so learned a student of superphysical subjects and so brilliant a scientist; besides he is writing of his own loved son, who was lost in the war, but who was afterwards found in a spiritual world, and who gave convincing and indisputable proof of his continued existence there.

Sir Oliver Lodge has previously written much upon his belief of survival, of hypothetical premises of after-death states, and upon the conclusions which he had made his own; but never has he written so convincingly, so reasonably, above all so tenderly, of the absorbing questions which have become at last the most vital part of his existence, through the person of his son, Raymond.

The book is in three sections. The first part is devoted to letters received from his son before his death—letters from the front. They portray a very interesting personality of promising and brilliant achievements. Thus printed by his father, they become a pathetic yet fitting memorial—a monument to be viewed by sympathetic minds all over the world. I shall not quote these letters because they need to be read in their proper order and place to be appreciated in their true value.

The second section of the book is called *Supernormal Portion.* In his introduction we become so well acquainted with the father of Raymond; he speaks so frankly of the beauty of his purpose in publishing what is so sacredly private, and yet what must be made a part of scientific research for the sake of cumulative evidence of survival. He says:

To base so momentous a conclusion as a scientific demonstration of human survival on any single instance, if it were not sustained on

*Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.

all sides by a great consensus of similar evidence, would doubtless be unwise; for some other explanation of a merely isolated case would have to be sought. But we are justified in examining the evidence for any case of which all the details are known, and in trying to set forth the truth of it as completely and fairly as we may. . . .

Of mediumship there are many grades, one of the simplest forms being the capacity to receive an impression or automatic writing, under peaceful conditions, in an ordinary state; but the subject is too large to be treated here. Suffice it to say that the kind of medium chiefly dealt with in this book is one who, by waiting quietly, goes more or less into a trance, and is then subject to what is called "control" —speaking or writing in a manner quite different from the medium's own normal or customary manner, under the guidance of a separate intelligence technically known as a "control," which some think must be a secondary personality—which indeed certainly *is* a secondary personality of the medium, whatever that phrase may really signify—the transition being effected in most cases quite easily and naturally. In this secondary state, a degree of clairvoyance or lucidity is attained quite beyond the medium's normal consciousness, and facts are referred to which must be outside his or her normal knowledge. The control, or secondary personality which speaks during the trance, appears to be more closely in touch with what is popularly spoken of as "the next world" than with customary human existence, and accordingly is able to get messages through from people deceased; transmitting them through the speech or writing of the medium, usually with some obscurity and misunderstanding, and with mannerisms belonging either to the medium or to the control. The amount of sophistication varies according to the quality of the medium, and to the state of the same medium at different times; it must be attributed in the best cases physiologically to the medium, intellectually to the control. The confusion is no greater than might be expected from a pair of operators, connected by a telephone of rather delicate and uncertain quality, who were engaged in transmitting messages between two stranger communicators, one of whom was anxious to get messages transmitted, though perhaps not very skilled in wording them, while the other was nearly silent and anxious not to give any information or assistance at all; being, indeed, more or less suspicious that the whole appearance of things was deceptive, and that his friend, the ostensible communicator, was not really there. Under the circumstances the effort of the distant communicator would be chiefly directed to sending such natural and appropriate messages as should gradually break down the inevitable scepticism of his friend. . . .

We know that communication must be hampered, and its form largely determined, by the unconscious but inevitable influence of a transmitting mechanism, whether that be of a merely mechanical or of a physiological character. Every artist knows that he must adapt the expression of his thought to his material, and that what is possible with one "medium," even in the artist's sense of the word, is not possible with another.

And when the method of communication is purely mental or telepathic, we are assured that the communicator "on the other side" has to select from and utilize those ideals and channels which represent the customary mental scope of the medium; though by practiced skill and ingenuity they can be woven into fresh patterns and be made to convey to a patient and discriminating operator the real intention of the communicator's thoughts. In many such telepathic communications the physical form which the emergent message takes is that of automatic or semiconscious writing or speech; the manner of the utterance being fairly normal, but the substance of it appearing not to emanate from the writer's or speaker's own mind: though but seldom is either the subject-matter or the language of a kind quite beyond the writer's or speaker's normal capabilities.

In other cases, when the medium becomes entranced, the demonstration of a communicator's separate intelligence may become stronger and the sophistication less. A still further stage is reached when by special effort what is called *telergy* is employed, *i. e.*, when physiological mechanism is more directly utilized without telepathic operation on the mind. And a still further step away from personal sophistication, though under extra mechanical difficulties, is attainable in *telekinesis* or what appears to be the direct movement of inorganic matter. To this last category—though in its very simplest form—must belong, I suppose, the percussive sounds known as raps. . . .

Speaking of the precautions which were taken in order to receive genuine communications, Sir Oliver Lodge says:

In our case, and in that of our immediate friends, these precautions have been taken—sometimes in a rather elaborate manner.

The first sitting that was held after Raymond's death by any member of the family was held not explicitly for the purpose of getting into communication with him—still less with any remotest notion of entering into communication with Mr. Myers—but mainly because a French widow lady, who had been kind to our daughters during winters in Paris, was staying with my wife at Edgbaston—her first real visit to England—and was in great distress at the loss of both her beloved sons in the war, within a week of each other, so that she was left desolate. To comfort her my wife took her up to London to call on Mrs. Kennedy, and to get a sitting arranged for with a medium whom that lady knew and recommended. Two anonymous interviews were duly held, and incidentally I may say that the two sons of Madame communicated, on both occasions, though with difficulty; that one of them gave his name completely, the other approximately; and that the mother, who was new to the whole subject, was partially consoled. Raymond, however, was represented as coming with them and helping them, and as sending some messages on his own account.

The author now proceeds to describe seances of both his wife and himself independently, with strange mediums. They are certainly evidential. The most interesting one is with Sir Oliver and a medium called Peters. He went unexpectedly, unknown to his family.

Peters went into trance, and after some other communications, gave messages from a youth who was recognized by the control and identified as my son; and later on Peters' "control," whom it is customary to call "Moonstone," spoke thus:—

From Sitting of O. J. L. with Peters on October 29, 1915:

Your common-sense method of approaching the subject in the family has been the means of helping him to come back as he has been able to do; and had he not known what you had told him, then it would have been far more difficult for him to come back. He is very deliberate in what he says. He is a young man that knows what he is saying. Do you know F. W. M?

O. J. L.—Yes, I do.

Because I see those three letters. Now, after them, do you know S T; yes, I get S T, then a dot, and then P? These are shown me. I see them in light; your boy shows these things to me.

O. J. L.—Yes, I understand. [Meaning that I recognized the allusion to F. W. H. Myers' poem *St. Paul.*]

Well, he says to me: "He has helped me so much, more than you think. That is F W M."

O. J. L.—Bless him!

No, your boy laughs, he has got an ulterior motive for it; don't think it was only for charity's sake, he has got an ulterior motive, and thinks that you will be able by the strength of your personality to do what you want to do now, to ride over the quibbles of the fools, and to make the Society, *the* Society, he says, of some use to the world. . . . Can you understand?

O. J. L.—Yes.

Now he says, "He has helped me because, with me through you, he can break away the dam that people have set up. Later on, you are going to speak to them. It is already on the programme, and you will break down the opposition because of me." Then he says, "For God's sake, father, do it. Because if you only knew, and could only see what I see: hundreds of men and women heartbroken. And if you could only see the boys on our side shut out, you would throw the whole strength of yourself into this work. But you can do it." He is very earnest. Oh, and he wants—No, I must stop him, I must prevent him, I don't want him to control the medium. Don't think me unkind, but I must protect my medium; he would not be able to do the work he has to do; the medium would be ill from it, I must protect him, the emotion would be too great, too great for both of you, so I must prevent him from controlling.

He understands, but he wants me to tell you this:—

The feeling on going over was one of intense disappointment, he had no idea of death. The second too was grief. (Pause.)

* * * * * * *

This is a time when men and women have had the crust broken off them—a crust of convention, of . . . of indifference, has been smashed, and everybody thinks, though some selfishly.

Now, returning to him, how patient he is! He was not always so patient. After the grief there was a glimmering of hope, because he realized that he could get back to you; and because his grandmother

came to him. Then his brother was introduced to him. Then, he says, other people. Myerse—"Myerse," it sounds like—do you know what he means?—came to him, and then he knew he could get back. He knew.

Now he wants me to tell you this: That from his death, which is only one of thousands, that the work which he (I have to translate his ideas into words, I don't get them verbatum [*sic*])—the work which he volunteered to be able to succeed in,—no, that's not it. The work which he enlisted for, that is what he says, only he was only a unit and seemingly lost—yet the very fact of his death will be the means of pushing it on. Now I have got it. By his passing away, many hundreds will be benefited.

A very good piece of evidence for skeptics is given in Chapter IV., in connection with a photograph which assisted in proving that it was Raymond who was communicating; it was especially helpful in convincing some of the members of his family who had thus far been very incredulous. A short time before his death, Raymond was photographed in company with some of his military associates, but his family in England had no knowledge of this. Through the agency of two mediums, he described this photograph with such particularity that when it was received in England some time later, it was instantly corroborated. This incident, with many others which followed, proved conclusively that memory persists after death.

Very many pages are devoted to the details of seances, all of them more or less interesting, but the following report of an occasion when Sir Oliver sat with the medium, Mrs. Leonard, is perhaps as important as any. The medium's control was called "Feda" and, in the verbatim report of the seance, it will be noted that she frequently interpolated her own ideas of what Raymond desired to say, and he then continued with his own words. Feda appears to be a little child, judging from her language. On this occasion, speaking of Raymond, she said:

He is waiting; he's looking very pleased. He's awful anxious to tell you about the place where he lives; he doesn't understand *yet* how it looks so solid. . . .

Oh, it is interesting, he says—much more than on the old earth plane. I didn't want to leave you and mother and all of them, but it *is* interesting. I wish you could come over for one day, and be with me here. There are times you do go there, but you won't remember. They have all been over with him at night-time, and so have you, but he thought it very hard you couldn't remember. If you did, he is told (he doesn't know it himself, but he is told this), the brain would scarcely bear the burden of the double existence, and would be unfitted for its daily duties; so the memory is shut out. That is the explanation given to him. . . .

O. J. L.—Does he want to say anything more about his house or his clothes or his body?

Oh, yes! He is bursting to tell you.

He says, my body's very similar to the one I had before. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it's real, and it is, but it doesn't seem to hurt as much as when I pinched the flesh body. The internal organs don't seem constituted on the same lines as before. They can't be quite the same. But to all appearances, and outwardly, they are the same as before. I can move about somewhat more freely, he says. Oh, there's one thing, he says, I have never seen anybody bleed.

O. J. L.—Wouldn't he bleed if he pricked himself?

He never tried it. But as yet he has seen no blood at all.

O. J. L.—Has he got ears and eyes?

Yes, yes, and eyelashes, and eyebrows, exactly the same, and a tongue and teeth. He has got a new tooth now in place of another he had—one that wasn't quite right then. He has got it right, and a good tooth has come in place of the one that had gone.

He knew a man that had lost his arm, but he has got another one. Yes, he has got two arms now. He seemed as if without a limb when first he entered the astral, seemed incomplete, but after a while it got more and more complete, until he got a new one. He is talking of people who have lost a limb for some years.

O. J. L.—What about a limb lost in battle?

Oh, if they have only just lost it, it makes no difference, it doesn't matter; they are quite all right when they get here. But I am told—he doesn't know this himself, but he has been told—that when anybody's blown to pieces, it takes some time for the spirit-body to complete itself, to gather itself all in, and to be complete. It dissipated a certain amount of substance which is undoubtedly theric, theric—etheric, and it has to be concentrated again. The *spirit* isn't blown apart, of course,—he doesn't mean that,—but it has an effect upon it. He hasn't seen all this, but he has been inquiring because he is interested.

O. J. L.—What about bodies that are burnt?

Oh, if they get burnt by accident, if they know about it on this side, they detach the spirit first. What we call a spirit-doctor comes round and helps. But bodies should not be burnt on purpose. We have terrible trouble sometimes over people who are cremated too soon; they shouldn't be. It's a terrible thing; it has worried me. People are so careless. The idea seems to be—"hurry up and get them out of the way now that they are dead." Not until seven days, he says. They shouldn't be cremated for seven days.

O. J. L.—But what if the body goes bad?

When it goes bad, the spirit is already out. If that much (indicating a trifle) of spirit is left in the body, it doesn't start mortifying. It is the action of the spirit on the body that keeps it from mortifying. When you speak about a person "dying upwards," it means that the spirit is getting ready and gradually getting out of the body. He saw the other day a man going to be cremated two days after the doctor said he was dead. When his relations on this side heard about it, they brought a certain doctor on our side, and when they saw that the spirit hadn't got really out of the body, they magnetized it, and helped

it out. But there was still a cord, and it had to be severed rather quickly, and it gave a little shock to the spirit, like as if you had something amputated; but it had to be done. He believes it has to be done in every case. If the body is to be consumed by fire, it is helped out by spirit-doctors. He doesn't mean that a spirit-body comes out of its own body, but an essence comes out of the body—oozes out, he says, and goes into the other body which is being prepared. Oozes, he says, like in a string. String, that's what he says. Then it seems to shape itself, or something meets it and shapes round it. Like as if they met and went together, and formed a duplicate of the body left behind. It's all very interesting.

He told Lionel about his wanting a suit at first [at an unreported second sitting]. He never thought that they would be able to provide him with one.

O. J. L.—Yes, I know, Lionel told us; that you wanted something more like your old clothes at first, and that they didn't force you into new ones, but let you begin with the old kind, until you got accustomed to the place.

Yes, he says, they didn't force me, but most of the people here wear white robes.

O. J. L.—Then, can you tell any difference between men and women?

There are men here, and there are women here. I don't think that they stand to each other quite the same as they did on the earth plane, but they seem to have the same feeling to each other, with a different expression of it. There don't seem to be any children born here. People are sent into the physical body to have children on the earth plane; they don't have them here. But there's a feeling of love between men and women here which is of a different quality to that between two men or two women; and husband and wife seem to meet differently from mother and son, or father and daughter. He says he doesn't want to eat now. But he sees some who do; he says they have to be given something which has all the appearance of an earth food. People here try to provide everything that is wanted. A chap came over the other day, who *would* have a cigar. "That's finished them," he thought. He means he thought they would never be able to provide that. But there are laboratories over here, and they manufacture all sorts of things in them. Not like you do, out of solid matter, but out of essences, and ethers, and gases. It's not the same as on the earth plane, but they were able to manufacture what looked like a cigar. He didn't try one himself, because he didn't care to; you know he wouldn't want to. But the other chap jumped at it. But when he began to smoke it, he didn't think so much of it; he had four altogether, and now he doesn't look at one. They don't seem to get the same satisfaction out of it, so gradually it seems to drop from them. But when they first come they do want things. Some want meat, and some strong drink; they call for whiskey sodas. Don't think I'm stretching it, when I tell you that they can manufacture even that. But when they have had one or two, they don't seem to want it so much—not those that are near here. He has heard of drunkards who want it for months and years over here, but he hasn't

seen any. Those I have seen, he says, don't want it any more—like himself with his suit, he could dispense with it under the new conditions.

He wants people to realize that it's just as natural as on the earth plane.

O. J. L.—Raymond, you said your house was made of bricks. How can that be? What are the bricks made of?

That's what he hasn't found out yet. He is told by some who he doesn't think would lead him astray, that they are made from sort of emanations from the earth. He says there's something rising like atoms rising, and consolidating after they come; they are not solid when they come, but we can collect and concentrate them—I mean those that are with me They appear to be bricks, and when I touch them, they feel like bricks; and I have seen granite too.

There's something perpetually rising from your plane; practically invisible—in atoms when it leaves your plane—but when it comes to the ether, it gains certain other qualities round each atom, and by the time it reaches us, certain people take it in hand, and manufacture solid things from it. Just as you can manufacture solid things.

All the decay that goes on on the earth plane is not lost. It doesn't just form manure or dust. Certain vegetable and decayed tissue does form manure for a time, but it gives off an essence or a gas, which ascends, and which becomes what you call a "smell." Everything dead has a smell, if you notice; and I know now that the smell is of actual use, because it is from that smell that we are able to produce duplicates of whatever form it had before it became a smell. Even old wood has a smell different from new wood; you may have to have a keen nose to detect these things on the earth plane.

Old rags, he says, cloth decaying and going rotten. Different kinds of cloth give off different smells—rotting linen smells different to rotting wool. You can understand how all this interests me. Apparently as far as I can gather, the rotting wool appears to be used for making things like tweeds on our side. But I know I am jumping. I'm guessing at it. My suit I expect was made from decayed worsted on your side.

Some people here won't take this in even yet—about the material cause of all these things. They go talking about spiritual robes made of light, built by the thoughts on the earth plane. I don't believe it. They go about thinking that it is a thought robe that they're wearing, resulting from the spiritual life they led; and when we try to tell them that it is manufactured out of materials, they don't believe it. They say, "No, no, it's a robe of light and brightness which I manufactured by thought." So we just leave it. But I don't say that they won't get robes quicker when they have led spiritual lives down there; I think they do; and that's what makes them think that they made the robes by their lives. . . .

At the conclusion of the chapter on *Private Sittings at Mariemont*, Sir Oliver wisely gives the following warning:

It may be well to give a word of warning to those who find that they possess any unusual power in the psychic direction, and to counsel regulated moderation in its use. Every power can be abused, and

even the simple faculty of automatic writing can with the best intentions be misapplied. Self-control is more important than any other form of control, and whoever possesses the power of receiving communications in any form should see to it that he remains master of the situation. To give up your own judgment and depend solely on adventitious aid is a grave blunder, and may in the long run have disastrous consequences. Moderation and common sense are required in those who try to utilize powers which neither they nor any fully understand, and a dominating occupation in mundane affairs is a wholesome safeguard.

Of the rest of the records of messages from Raymond, perhaps the most remarkable of all is the one of Lady Lodge with the medium, Mrs. Leonard, on Feb. 4, 1916, part of which is given herewith:

Those who are fond of you never go too far to come back to you—sometimes too far to communicate, never too far to meet you when you pass over.

M. F. A. L.—That's so comforting, darling. I don't want to hold you back.

You gravitate here to the ones you're fond of. Those you're not fond of, if you meet them in the street, you don't bother yourself to say "how-do-you-do."

M. F. A. L.—There are streets, then?

Yes, he was pleased to see streets and houses.

At one time, I thought it might be created by one's own thoughts. You gravitate to a place you are fitted for. Mother, there's no judge and jury, you just gravitate, like to like.

I've seen some boys pass on who had nasty ideas and vices. They go to a place I'm very glad I didn't have to go to, but it's not hell exactly. More like a reformatory—it's a place where you're given a chance, and when you want to look for something better, you're given a chance to have it. They gravitate together, but get so bored. Learn to help yourself, and immediately you'll be helped. Very like your world; only no unfairness, no injustice—a common law operating for each and every one.

M. F. A. L.—Are all of the same rank and grade?

Rank doesn't count as a virtue. High rank comes by being virtuous. Those who have been virtuous have to pass through lower rank to understand things. All go onto the astral first, just for a little.

He doesn't remember being on the astral himself. He thinks where he is now, he's about third. Summerland—Homeland, some call it. It is a very happy medium. The very highest can come to visit you. It is just sufficiently near the earth plane to be able to get to those on earth. He thinks you have the best of it there, so far as he can see.

Mother, I went to a gorgeous place the other day.

M. F. A. L.—Where was it?

Goodness knows! I was permitted, so that I might see what was going on in the Highest Sphere. Generally the High Spirits come to us.

I wonder if I can tell you what it looked like!

[Until the case for survival is considered established, it is thought improper and unwise to relate an experience of a kind which may be imagined, in a book dealing for the most part with evidential matter. So I have omitted the description here, and the brief reported utterance which followed. I think it fair, however, to quote the record so far as it refers to the youth's own feelings, because otherwise the picture would be incomplete and one-sided, and he might appear occupied only with comparatively frivolous concerns.]

I felt exalted, purified, lifted up. I was kneeling. I couldn't stand up, I *wanted* to kneel . . . . Mother, I thrilled from head to foot. He didn't come near me, and I didn't feel I wanted to go near him. Didn't feel I ought. The Voice was like a bell. I can't tell you what he was dressed or robed in. All seemed a mixture of shining colors.

No good; can you imagine what I felt like when he put those beautiful rays onto me? I don't know what I've ever done that I should have been given that wonderful experience. I never thought of such a thing being possible, not at any rate for years, and years, and years. No one could tell what I felt, I can't explain it.

Will they understand it? I know father and you will, but I want the others to try. I can't put it into words.

I didn't walk, I had to be taken back to Summerland, I don't know what happened to me. If you could faint with delight! Weren't those beautiful words?

I've asked if Christ will go and be seen by everybody; but was told, "Not quite in the same sense as you saw Him." I was told Christ was always in spirit on earth—a sort of projection, something like those rays, something of him in every one.

People think he is *a* Spirit, walking about in a particular place. Christ is everywhere, not as a personality. There *is* a Christ, and He lives on the higher plane, and that is the one I was permitted to see. . . .

On our side, we expect a few years will make a great difference in the conditions of people on the earth plane.

In five years, ever so many more will be wanting to know about the life to come, and how they shall live on the earth plane so that they shall have a pretty good life when they pass on. They'll do it, if only as a wise precaution. But the more they know, the higher lines people will be going on. . . . Some people ask me, are you pleased with where your body lies? I tell them I don't care a bit, I've no curiosity about my body now. It's like an old coat that I've done with, and hope some one will dispose of it. I don't want flowers on my body. . . .

In one of the sittings with his father, Raymond said:

You know that I am longing and dying for the day when you come over to me. It will be a splendid day for me. But I mustn't be selfish. I have got to work to keep you away from us, and that's not easy for me.

Medium—He says that lots over here talk, and say that you will be doing the most wonderful work of your life through the war. People are ready to listen now. They had too many things before to let

them think about them; but now it's the great thing to think about the after-life.

Raymond—I want you to know that when first I came over here, I thought it a bit unfair that such a lot of fellows were coming over in the prime of life, coming over here.

Medium—But now he sees that for every one that came over, dozens of people open their eyes, and want to know where he has gone to. Directly they want to know, they begin to learn something. Some of them never stopped to think seriously before. "He must be somewhere," they say, "he was so full of life; can we find out?"

Raymond—Then I see that through this, people are going to find out, and find out not only for themselves, but will pass it on to many others, and so it will grow.

Medium—He wants to tell you that Mr. Myers says that in ten years from now the world will be a different place. He says that about fifty per cent. of the civilized portion of the globe will be either spiritualists or coming into it. . . .

On another occasion the medium said of Raymond:

He's been attending lectures, at what they call "halls of learning"; you can prepare yourself for the higher spheres while you are living in lower ones. He's on the third, but he's told that even now he could go on to the fourth if he chose; but he says he would rather be learning the laws appertaining to each sphere while he's still living on the third, because it brings him closer—at least until you two have come over. He will stay and learn, where he is. He wouldn't like to go on there and then find it difficult to get back. He will wait till we can go happily and comfortably together!

Would it interest you for him to tell you about one of the places he's been to? It's so interesting to him, that he might seem to exaggerate; but the experience is so wonderful, it lives with him.

He went into a place on the fifth sphere—a place he takes to be made of alabaster. He's not sure that it really was, but it looked like that. It looked like a kind of a temple—a large one. There were crowds passing into this place, and they looked very happy. And he thought, "I wonder what I'm going to see here." When he got mixed up with the crowd going into the temple, he felt a kind of—(he's stopping to think). It's not irreverency what he says, but he felt a kind of feeling as if he had had too much champagne—it went to his head, he felt too buoyant, as if carried a bit off the ground. That's 'cos he isn't quite attuned to the conditions of that sphere. It's a most extraordinary feeling. He went in, and he saw that though the building was white, there were many different lights: looked like certain places covered in red, and . . . was blue, and the center was orange. These were not the crude colors that go by those names, but a softened shade. And he looked to see what they came from. Then he saw that a lot of the windows were extremely large, and the panes in them had glass of these colors. And he saw that some of the people would go and stand in the pinky colored light that came through the red glass, and others would stand in the orange or yellow colored light.

And he thought, "What are they doing that for?" Then some one told him that the pinky colored light was the light of the love-color; and the blue was the light of spiritual healing; and the orange was the light of intellect. And that, according to what people wanted they would go and stand under the light. And the guide told him that it was more important than what people on earth knew. And that, in years to come, there would be made a study of the effect of different lights.

The pinky people looked clever and developed in their attitude and mentality generally; but they hadn't been able to cultivate the love-interest much, their other interests had overpowered that one. And the people who went into the intellectual light looked softer and happy, but not so clever looking. He says he felt more drawn to the pink light himself, but some one said, "No, you have felt a good deal of that," and he got out and went into the other two, and he felt that he liked the blue light best. And he thinks that perhaps you will read something into that. I had the other conditions, but I wanted the other so much. The blue seemed to call me more than the others. After I had been in it some time, I felt that nothing mattered much, except preparing for the spiritual life. He says that the old Raymond seemed far away at the time, as though he was looking back on some one else's life—some one I hadn't much connection with, and yet who was linked onto me. And he felt, "What does anything matter, if I can only attain this beautiful uplifting feeling." I can't tell you what I felt like, but reading it over afterwards, perhaps you will understand. Words feel powerless to describe it. He won't try, he will just tell you what happened after.

We sat down—the seats were arranged something like pews in a church—and as he looked towards the aisle, he saw coming up it about seven figures. And he saw, from his former experience, that they were evidently teachers come down from the seventh sphere. He says, they went up to the end part, and they stood on a little raised platform; and then one of them came down each of the little aisles, and put out their hands on those sitting in the pews. And when one of the Guides put his hand on his head, he felt a mixture of all three lights—as if he understood everything, and as if everything that he had ever felt, of anger or worry, all seemed nothing. And he felt as if he could rise to any height, and as if he could raise everybody round him. As if he had such a power in himself. He's stopping to think over it again.

They sat and listened, and the first part of the ceremony was given in a lecture, in which one of the Guides was telling them how to teach others on the lower spheres and earth plane, to come more into the spiritual life, while still on those lower planes. I think that all that went before was to make it easy to understand. And he didn't get only the words of the speaker, words didn't seem to matter, he got the thought—whole sentences, instead of one word at a time. And lessons were given on concentration and on the projection of uplifting and helpful thoughts to those on the earth plane. And as he sat there —he sat, they were not kneeling—he felt as if something was going

from him, through the other spheres on to the earth, and was helping somebody, though he didn't know who it was. He can't tell you how wonderful it was; not once it happened, but several times.

In concluding the second section the author remarks:

The number of more or less convincing proofs which we have obtained is by this time very great. Some of them appeal more to one person, some to another; but taking them all together every possible ground of suspicion or doubt seems to the family to be now removed. And it is legitimate to say, further, that partly through Raymond's activity a certain amount of help of the same kind has been afforded to other families. . . .

In concluding the book the learned author devotes the third section to an exposition of his convictions concerning the philosophy of evolution and the life after death, the result of many years of thought and many kinds of experience. He says:

The opinions of the present author on these topics, whatever they may be worth, are held without apology or hesitation, because to him they appear the inevitable consequence of facts of nature as now known or knowable. Some of these facts are not generally accepted by scientific men; and if the facts themselves are not admitted, naturally any conclusion based upon them will appear ill-founded, and the further developed structure illusory. He anticipates that this will be said by critics.

So remarkable a book from so erudite a philosopher and scientist is an event of profound significance in the progress of spiritual evolution of humanity. It will certainly assist in bridging the material gulf which lies between the world and that land of promise ten years hence, when Mr. Myers has promised through *Raymond* that fifty per cent. of humanity will believe in survival of the personality after death.

—*Jean Morton.*

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Hungry Stones and Other Tales*

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

In these fascinating tales the author sweeps away the awe and wonderment which his philosophic genius has formerly awakened; here we laugh at the jokes on the *Babus of Nayanjore;* we weep as he must have wept when he wrote *The Sacrifice;* in truth we have held close human converse with this great man and in his very humanity found him more than ever a divine philosopher.

To select for you one of these tale-jewels has been difficult. In one's second childhood the fairy-tale, *Once There Was a King,* is the most bewitching. Here it is:

*Macmillan & Co., London.

ONCE THERE WAS A KING

"Once upon a time there was a king."

When we were children there was no need to know who the king in the fairy story was. It didn't matter whether he was called Shiladitya or Shaliban, whether he lived at Kashi or Kanauj. The thing that made a seven-year-old boy's heart go thump, thump with delight was this one sovereign truth, this reality of all realities: "Once there was a king."

But the readers of this modern age are far more exact and exacting. When they hear such an opening to a story, they are at once critical and suspicious. They apply the searchlight of science to its legendary haze and ask: "Which king?"

The story-tellers have become more precise in their turn. They are no longer content with the old indefinite, "There was a king," but assume instead a look of profound learning, and begin: "Once there was a king named Ajatasatru."

The modern reader's curiosity, however, is not so easily satisfied. He blinks at the author through his scientific spectacles, and asks again: "Which Ajatasatru?"

"Every schoolboy knows," the author proceeds, "that there were three Ajatasatrus. The first was born in the twentieth century B.C., and died at the tender age of two years and eight months. I deeply regret that it is impossible to find, from any trustworthy source, a detailed account of his reign. The second Ajatasatru is better known to historians. If you refer to the new Encyclopedia of History . . ."

By this time the modern reader's suspicions are dissolved. He feels he may safely trust his author. He says to himself: "Now we shall have a story that is both improving and instructive."

Ah! how we all love to be deluded! We have a secret dread of being thought ignorant. And we end by being ignorant after all, only we have done it in a long and roundabout way.

There is an English proverb: "Ask me no questions, and I tell you no lies." The boy of seven who is listening to a fairy story understands that perfectly well; he withholds his questions while the story is being told. So the pure and beautiful falsehood of it all remains naked and innocent as a babe; transparent as truth itself; limpid as a fresh bubbling spring. But the ponderous and learned lie of our moderns has to keep its true character draped and veiled. And if there is discovered anywhere the least little peephole of deception, the reader turns away with a prudish disgust, and the author is discredited.

When we were young, we understood all sweet things; and we could detect the sweets of a fairy story by an unerring science of our own. We never cared for such useless things as knowledge. We only cared for truth. And our unsophisticated little hearts knew well where the Crystal Palace of Truth lay and how to reach it. But today we are expected to write pages of facts, while the truth is simply this:

"There was a king."

I remember vividly that evening in Calcutta when the fairy story began. The rain and the storm had been incessant. The whole of the city was flooded. The water was knee-deep in our lane. I had a straining hope, which was almost a certainty, that my tutor would be prevented from coming that evening. I sat on the stool in the far corner of the verandah looking down the lane, with a heart beating faster and faster. Every minute I kept my eye on the rain, and when it began to grow less I prayed with all my might: "Please, God, send some more rain till half-past seven is over." For I was quite ready to believe that there was no other need for rain except to protect one helpless boy one evening in one corner of Calcutta from the deadly clutches of his tutor.

If not in answer to my prayer, at any rate according to some grosser law of physical nature, the rain did not give up.

But, alas! nor did my teacher.

Exactly to the minute, in the bend of the lane, I saw his approaching umbrella. The great bubble of hope burst in my breast, and my heart collapsed. Truly, if there is a punishment to fit the crime after death, then my tutor will be born again as me, and I shall be born as my tutor.

As soon as I saw his umbrella I ran as hard as I could to my mother's room. My mother and my grandmother were sitting opposite one another playing cards by the light of a lamp. I ran into the room, and flung myself on the bed beside my mother, and said:

"Mother dear, the tutor has come, and I have such a bad headache; couldn't I have no lessons today?"

I hope no child of immature age will be allowed to read this story, and I sincerely trust it will not be used in text-books or primers for schools. For what I did was dreadfully bad, and I received no punishment whatever. On the contrary, my wickedness was crowned with success.

My mother said to me: "All right," and turning to the servant added: "Tell the tutor that he can go back home."

It was perfectly plain that she didn't think my illness very serious, as she went on with her game as before, and took no further notice. And I also, burying my head in the pillow, laughed to my heart's content. We perfectly understood one another, my mother and I.

But every one must know how hard it is for a boy of seven years old to keep up the illusion of illness for a long time. After about a minute I got hold of Grandmother, and said: "Grannie, do tell me a story."

I had to ask this many times. Grannie and Mother went on playing cards, and took no notice. At last Mother said to me: "Child, don't bother. Wait till we've finished our game." But I persisted: "Grannie, do tell me a story." I told Mother she could finish her game tomorrow, but she must let Grannie tell me a story there and then.

At last Mother threw down the cards and said: "You had better do what he wants. I can't manage him!" Perhaps she had it in her mind that she would have no tiresome tutor on the morrow, while I should be obliged to be back to those stupid lessons.

As soon as ever Mother had given way, I rushed to Grannie. I got hold of her hand, and, dancing with delight, dragged her inside my mosquito curtain onto the bed. I clutched hold of the bolster with both hands in my excitement, and jumped up and down with joy, and when I had got a little quieter, said: "Now, Grannie, let's have the story!"

Grannie went on: "And the king had a queen." That was good to begin with. He had only one.

It is usual for kings in fairy stories to be extravagant in queens. And whenever we hear that there are two queens, our hearts begin to sink. One is sure to be unhappy. But in Grannie's story that danger was past. He had only one queen.

We next hear that the king had not got any son. At the age of seven I didn't think there was any need to bother if a man had had no son. He might only have been in the way.

Nor are we greatly excited when we hear that the king has gone away into the forest to practice austerities in order to get a son. There was only one thing that would have made me go into the forest, and that was to get away from my tutor!

But the king left behind with his queen a small girl, who grew up into a beautiful princess.

Twelve years pass away, and the king goes on practicing austerities, and never thinks all this while of his beautiful daughter. The princess has reached the full bloom of her youth. The age of marriage has passed, but the king does not return. And the queen pines away with grief and cries: "Is my golden daughter destined to die unmarried? Ah me! what a fate is mine."

Then the queen sent men to the king to entreat him earnestly to come back for a single night and take one meal in the palace. And the king consented.

The queen cooked with her own hand, and with the greatest care, sixty-four dishes, and made a seat for him of sandal-wood, and arranged the food in plates of gold and cups of silver. The princess stood behind with the peacock-tail fan in her hand. The king, after twelve years' absence, came into the house, and the princess waved the fan, lighting up all the room with her beauty. The king looked into his daughter's face, and forgot to take his food.

At last he asked his queen: "Pray, who is this girl whose beauty shines as the gold image of the goddess? Whose daughter is she?"

The queen beat her forehead, and cried: "Ah, how evil is my fate! Do you not know your own daughter?"

The king was struck with amazement. He said at last: "My tiny daughter has grown to be a woman."

"What else?" the queen said with a sigh. "Do you not know that twelve years have passed by?"

"But why did you not give her in marriage?" asked the king.

"You were away," the queen said, "and how could I find her a suitable husband?"

The king became vehement with excitement. "The first man I see tomorrow," he said, "when I come out of the palace shall marry her."

The princess went on waving her fan of peacock feathers, and the king finished his meal.

The next morning, as the king came out of his palace he saw the son of a Brahman gathering sticks in the forest outside the palace gates. His age was about seven or eight.

The king said: "I will marry my daughter to him."

Who can interfere with a king's command? At once the boy was called, and the marriage garlands were exchanged between him and the princess.

At this point I came up close to my wise Grannie and asked her eagerly: "What then?"

In the bottom of my heart there was a devout wish to substitute myself for that fortunate wood-gatherer of seven years old. The night was resonant with the patter of rain. The earthen lamp by my bedside was burning low. My grandmother's voice droned on as she told the story. And all these things served to create in a corner of my credulous heart the belief that I had been gathering sticks in the dawn of some indefinite time in the kingdom of some unknown king, and in a moment garlands had been exchanged between me and the princess, beautiful as the Goddess of Grace. She had a gold band on her hair and gold earrings in her ears. She had a necklace and bracelets of gold, and a golden waist-chain round her waist, and a pair of golden anklets tinkled above her feet.

If my grandmother were an author how many explanations she would have to offer for the little story! First of all, every one would ask why the king remained twelve years in the forest? Secondly, why should the king's daughter remain unmarried all that while? This would be regarded as absurd. So I pray with all my heart that my grandmother may be born a grandmother again, and not through some cursed fate take birth as her luckless grandson.

So with a throb of joy and delight, I asked Grannie: "What then?"

Grannie went on: "Then the princess took her little husband away in great distress, and built a large palace, with seven wings, and began to cherish her husband with great care."

I jumped up and down in my bed and clutched at the bolster more tightly than ever and said: "What then?"

Grannie continued: "The little boy went to school and learnt many lessons from his teachers, and as he grew up his class-fellows began to ask him: "Who is that beautiful lady who lives with you in the palace with the seven wings?"

The Brahman's son was eager to know who she was. He could only remember how one day he had been gathering sticks, and a great disturbance arose. But all that was so long ago that he had no clear recollection.

Four or five years passed in this way. His companions always asked him: "Who is that beautiful lady in the palace with the seven wings?" And the Brahman's son would come back from school and sadly tell the princess: "My school companions always ask me who is that beautiful lady in the palace with the seven wings, and I can give them no reply. Tell me, oh, tell me, who you are!"

The princess said: "Let it pass today. I will tell you some other day." And every day the Brahman's son would ask: "Who are you?" and the princess would reply: "Let it pass today. I will tell you some other day." In this manner four or five more years passed away.

At last the Brahman's son became very impatient, and said: "If you do not tell me today who you are, O beautiful lady, I will leave this palace with the seven wings." Then the princess said: "I will certainly tell you tomorrow."

Next day the Brahman's son, as soon as he came home from school, said: "Now, tell me who you are." The princess said: "To-night I will tell you after supper, when you are in bed."

The Brahman's son said: "Very well"; and he began to count the hours in expectation of the night. And the princess, on her side, spread white flowers over the golden bed, and lighted a gold lamp with fragrant oil, and adorned her hair, and dressed herself in a beautiful robe of blue, and began to count the hours in expectation of the night.

That evening when her husband, the Brahman's son, had finished his meal, too excited almost to eat, and had gone to the golden bed in the bedchamber strewn with flowers, he said to himself: "Tonight I shall surely know who this beautiful lady is in the palace with the seven wings."

The princess took for herself the food that was left over by her husband, and slowly entered the bedchamber. She had to answer that night the question, who was the beautiful lady who lived in the palace with the seven wings. And as she went up to the bed to tell him she found a serpent had crept out of the flowers and had bitten the Brahman's son. Her boy-husband was lying on the bed of flowers, with face pale in death.

My heart suddenly ceased to throb, and I asked with choking voice: "What then?"

Grannie said: "Then . . ."

But what is the use of going on any further with the story? It would only lead on to what was more and more impossible. The boy of seven did not know that, if there were some "What then?" after death, no grandmother of a grandmother could tell us all about it. But the child's faith never admits defeat, and it would snatch at the mantle of death itself to turn him back. It would be outrageous for him to think that such a story of one teacherless evening could so suddenly come to a stop. Therefore the grandmother had to call back her story from the ever-shut chamber of the great End, but she does it so simply: it is merely by floating the dead body on a banana stem on the river, and having some incantations read by a magician. But in that rainy night and in the dim light of a lamp death loses all its horror in the mind of the boy, and seems nothing more than a deep slumber of a single night. When the story ends the tired eyelids are weighed down with sleep. Thus it is that we send the little body of the child floating on the back of sleep over the still water of time, and then in the morning read a few verses of incantation to restore him to the world of life and light. —*M. G.*

Correspondence

The Law of Opposites

Several correspondents have written asking for more information about the law of opposites, upon which the late Judge Hatch based so much of his philosophy. When about to write something myself in answer to their questions, I quite accidentally came across some articles of his own upon the philosophy of the Hermetics, published anonymously. They clearly explain the way in which he interpreted and applied that law, and the following are a few quotations from them:

This principle of polarity, accepted in speculative physics, yet *rarely reduced to practice*, is none other than the philosopher's stone; and the comprehension and application of the same must necessarily make of man a Master by the acquisition of power which the knowledge and *practice* bring. The aim of all philosophies is to discover Unity—to find in the heterogeneous maze of variety a stable constancy, or indivisible chain which shall link event to event, change to change. Some law must certainly lie at the base of being which shall justify its very outbursts into multiple phenomena. The changeable must be the twin of the changeless, that Unity, the philosopher's quest, may be established. What is this law? It is action and reaction, or *rhythm*.

Before we go farther in this debate, we must postulate immortal Units of force and being, that swing like the pendulum of a clock between two extremes of expression, now at or near the limit in one direction, and again upon the verge in the other. To postulate *Units* of force and being, is more consistent with law and phenomena than to postulate a Unit of force and being. Assuming as a first principle, that variety can only be accounted for because it has *always been*, and that unity has no *possibility* except in an *eternity of variety*, we boldly declare that each individual Unit of force, consciousness, and being, always was and will ever be; there can exist no *One*, without the many, nor many without the One. Upon this constancy of force generation in each individual Unit we base variety, necessitated by the interdealing of these Units, one with the other; now potential, again kinetic; moving, bombarding, and interplaying among themselves eternally.

The constant Unity in the individual, today called man, existed ere the morning stars sang their first hymn in the dawn of an *apparent* creation. Back of protoplasmic expression is the potential divinity of each *being*, which appearing in a million forms up to its high tide of rhythm, has been christened with a myriad names, from Ameba to Jah-Jehovah. But as the mighty ocean has its limit tide, so has the sea of an entity, and included in it are lower forms of action and reaction down the ripple of an hour's emotion. The limitation then in an individual Unit of force (calling it in the present argument, *man*) lies in his *rhythmic swing;* this being greater or less in proportion as it exhausts his generative power, and according to the amount that each Unit's generative power *is*. The will (desire) of an individual

Unit seems to have, through motion, the power of generating a certain amount of energy in a given time, and the limit of this power and time can only be decided by the rhythm of his being from the finality of reaction to the corresponding acme of action, and vice versa. Given then innumerable Units of force, with an immortality behind as well as ahead of them, the basic law of their being—that of action and reaction, or rhythm—each having a longer or shorter swing of its pendulum, according to its force generative power, some in degree potential, others extremely energetic, and we have, as a natural corollary, an eternal variety backed by perpetual unity. The homogeneous and heterogeneous (everlasting mates) coming out in expression in so-called evolution, means nothing other than the tremendous rhythm of a cycle of these Units of being.

The ascent of man from Hugo's tadpole to an archangel, is the long swing of his pendulum to his extreme of life and consciousness, nothing more, nothing less. And as the power to generate energy implies involution as well as evolution (for force must be constant), we retire back finally to a non-destructible Ego or Will, whose very egoism hinges on its indivisible unity, while its consciousness can in no way be maintained save through eternal Egos, more or less like itself, which act as reflectors of its own being. Placing ourselves upon this premise, we repudiate Creation in the orthodox or biblical sense, and religiously declare in the name of Almighty Truth, that something never yet came forth from nothing; and though we preach the *new* from morning until night, year in and year out, it is after all but a rhythmic return of the *old*, called forth from potentiality into activity, with a gloss sheen upon it that exhilarates, as though it never had been. The Creation which we contemplate and the Creation of dogma are in no way related; the latter we repudiate altogether and forever.

But what of this rhythm? As the earth turns on its axis each day, and revolves around the sun each year, and travels through space on its long journey toward a terrible magnet whose fiery eye draws it irresistibly onward; as within itself it is moving from its internal fire outward to its cold crust, so man, in his Unit energy, is consciously whirling about on his diurnal axis, finding his two poles of being in his night and day—sleeping and waking—at the same time making his annual circuit around some star of his spiritual constellation, discovering his winter and summer or cold and heat, each year of his life—freezing or burning—while unconsciously or consciously rushing on in his evolutionary march up the arc of his ethereal sky, toward an unseen zenith; where, like the sun, having apparently paused for an instant, he plunges down the steeps of impalpable blue, and round again to meet the extreme pole of himself, having completed a grand cycle of individual existence.

But asserting this as law, what of the application? How make out of it the philosopher's touch-stone by which he detects the gold of power? Man knows very well that he begins earth life as an infant; that he grows and waxes strong, till having passed youth he finds himself in full prime, here to practically poise for a term of years before

he takes the down grade, travelling back to a second childhood, when he often becomes as bald, toothless, and helpless as when first born. From low tide to high tide, from high tide to low, that is all; potential, kinetic—kinetic, potential.

But rhythm is a wheel within a wheel; in the cycle there are the lives; in the lives the years, in the years the months, in the months the weeks, in the weeks the days. There is rhythm in disease, in health, in joy, in sorrow; the circle is always forming, or rather the spiral; extremes come around to meet and pass extremes; agony merges into unconsciousness, and ecstacy into despair. This has always been realized, but rarely understood and practically dealt with. We prate about pain and pleasure, but who applies the mathematics of rhythm to the same and regulates his life accordingly; who counts on his periodicity as he does on his bank stock, and deals with it as so much capital in hand? Far off in old China this was done by one Confucius, who prophesied with the accuracy of a seer, purely by the law of periodicity.

The sage reckons on the reaction as well as on the action; he carries the well-known maxim of physics up into psychology and makes of the latter much-abused study, a *science*. He ignores the modern loose method of speculative metaphysics, and reckons on his mind as he does on his body, by the imperishable principle of rhythm; postulating for himself an eternal entity, he counts on his cycles, his lives, his years, as an expert figures on the tides of the sea. He knows that there are hours in the day when life ebbs, and when it flows; he calculates the point when the tide will turn, and prepares for the low, by his measurement of the high.

Man as a rule is a puppet of rhythm, tossed about on his sea of being; true to the Law, but all unconscious of its meaning. If he calculates, it is in the first four rules of arithmetic; he stores up money for sickness and old age, prepares for funeral expenses and a monument, builds a house for his descendants, and banks on a reward in heaven. He never dreams that his law of periodicity holds within it its own reward, and that having failed in the reading, he has missed the philosopher's stone. He is always striking out for a place and never arriving; he whirls round and round like a man who is drunk; he chases butterfly ideals and catches them to break their wings and soil his hands with dust. Within his very self is the high tide of the *minute*, and he loses its splendor in watching for that of the hour. He sits down in sack-cloth and ashes when the *ebb* of himself comes on, as though the beginning of the *flow* were not then at his very heart. Instead of bringing to bear upon his soul's rhythm a mental comprehension, he suffers himself to be deluged by the flow of emotion, or left high and dry by its corresponding ebb.

Ah, man! man! puppet of fate! even more than the beast, the insect or bird. Unreasoning reason has despoiled you of the instinct of the gnat, and left you stranded on a jagged rock somewhere twixt sky and sea. Should you reason less, you would evolve from yourself the unerring brute; more, the panoplied sage. But now, dabbler in logic! spurner of instinct! you are neither wise nor a fool. A slave to

the law of periodicity, you fail to find in it the touch-stone of *being*; because blindfolded, you have endured and enjoyed, but have in no way understood.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Ouija Board

A correspondent from Minnesota inquired about the reliability of communications received through a psychic who uses a sort of improvised ouija board. I sent a reply in substance the same as that given by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in answer to a similar question, a copy of which has been made for me by a friend.

As recent mails have brought me still other questions of the same import, I gladly print Mr. Leadbeater's reply as he is such an authority on these subjects:

Sometimes very useful information has been received in this way, and so long as the person is not dominated unduly, and does not accept what is said as necessarily gospel, there is no harm in the thing; but those two dangers are always very near. It is to a cetain extent a form of mediumship. At least, the hand of the writer is utilized without his his own volition. I have known cases where persons began with a little automatic writing, and gradually the control grew greater and greater. So long as you choose to allow the use of your hand and can stop it at any moment, I do not know that any great harm is done.

There is a danger that people who have not had sufficient experience may suppose that anything that is written in that way must always be perfectly true. Of course that is not so at all. The "dead" person is no more infallible than he was when he was alive. The dead man has the *opportunity* of learning a good deal more in many ways, but you know that vast numbers of people do not take the opportunity of learning which they have down here, and these people are entirely unchanged when they get to the other side. You may have a person who has been dead twenty years and yet knows very little more now than he did when he lost his physical body. You have to form your own opinion as to whether the advice given is worth taking; you have to take it as the advice of a stranger. He speaks as a deceased relative, and he may be or he may not be. Any dead man can to some extent read from your mind, and could therefore give you a quantity of information which you may suppose that no one knows but yourself. You have to test the thing a great many times and in a great many ways.

It is exceedingly natural that a deceased relative should wish to speak to you again sometimes, and when the communication is of a nature which relieves the mind I think one would desire to give him his chance. Those on the other side often do have something to say which it is a great relief to them to utter. I should let them say it, but not at all necessarily be guided by the advice they give. Always use caution and be prepared to draw away if you find that he becomes more insistent than you think he has a right to be.

Psychic Events

Mysterious Transportation of a Relic

OUR readers may be interested in a mysterious event which happened to Mrs. Musaeus Higgins, Principal of the Musaeus School for Girls, in Colombo.

No doubt many of them have read Indian literature and are familiar with those traditions of Buddhism which relate to the unaccountable disappearance and invisible transportation of religious relics. For those who do not know about them, let me say that these fragments are objects which have in some way been associated personally with a holy teacher, just as in the Holy Land there are cherished relics and landmarks of the Christ.

It is said that the belongings and sacred bones of the Lord Buddha were distributed among his disciples and various temples after his death, and there is no question of doubt that in many places there are genuine relics still existing.

Some years ago two very small fragments were given to Mrs. Higgins. The case in which they were kept was a miniature wooden shrine, so arranged that to all outward appearance there was only one shrine and one relic. The person who brought her the gift from the buried cities of Ceylon showed her that inside the outer form there was a little secret shrine in which there was a second tiny fragment. The outer piece could be seen distinctly in its miniature temple-shrine, but the existence of the secret shrine with its little treasure was known alone to the donor and Mrs. Higgins. Amid great rejoicing she placed the gift in her own private chapel, and it was considered very holy by all who were allowed to worship there with her.

One day upon going to look at her treasured gift she saw to her great consternation that it was no longer there, though the shrine itself stood in its usual place. Naturally she feared it had been stolen; yet she could not understand how this could be, for no one had access to her chapel or could have stolen it, let alone a Buddhist, who would not have taken it because they are terribly superstitious about such relics and hold them in great awe.

In much sorrow she set about to see if the relic in the little secret shrine had also disappeared.

What was her joy and amazement upon opening the hidden place to find not only that one safely there, but *two* others lodged with it. The one from the outside, and still another one besides, had in some mysterious manner been transported to the inner secret cavity of the shrine.

Knowing all the circumstances, and how impossible it would have been for any other person but herself to place it there, Mrs. Higgins firmly believes that she has been the recipient of another relic, brought to her by some occult means as a special blessing.

To those of us who know and love this noble, self-sacrificing woman and who recognize the importance of her mission and work, such a mark of special favor or blessing would seem but fitting. So mote it be!

—M. H.

Death or Life?

(An Actual Experience)

Finding myself suddenly bereft of a sister (Nellie) whose life had been very closely linked with mine, I gave way to frenzied grief. One day, after several weeks of this uncontrollable sadness, I recalled a passage of Scripture which had been read at the funeral service of my mother. It had comforted my then childish mind; it seemed to do so now as I again repeated the words: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" That night sleep overtook me with a prayer on my lips that I might know that my sister was not dead but living.

As if in answer, I had a wonderful dream-vision. I saw my sister standing beside me, and heard her calling my name. I looked at her and began to weep.

"Why do you cry?" she asked.

"Oh! I cry because you are dead."

"Yes, I am what you call dead; but listen to what I have to tell you. I have been permitted to come back and talk to you for a few minutes to try to make you understand how well and happy I am. When sister Gene and I lived together in our little home in Boston, I thought no happiness could equal that, but I did not know what happiness meant until after death. I am so well, and see how strong I am!"

Then in my dream she gathered into her arms my little girl of nine years who had just come into the room, lifting her up and down several times to prove her strength. As I looked on in amazement, I noticed how beautiful she was. It was Nellie in form and features, but wearing an ethereal, angelic body which seemed almost transparent in its loveliness.

"Nell," I exclaimed, "how beautiful you are, and are you really free from all the old pain?" She smiled and took several quick turns back and forth across the room with the elasticity of one with exuberant vitality. Her eyes, glowing with health, were like two shining stars. She then seated herself on the edge of my bed and said:

"Now, I want your promise that you will never again mourn for me. It is cruel to wish me back in a life of suffering; rather wish that you might come to me. However, there is much yet that you can do in the world, and, as you are strong, stay here a while longer. Do all you can to bring peace and harmony, be kind and generous to those who need assistance, cheer the sad and lonely, and, when your life is finished, I shall so rejoice to have you with me. I know you don't mean to be so, but you are very selfish to grieve so much."

"I selfish with you, when all my life I have loved you so?" I asked.

"Yes, can you not see that your grieving makes me very sad? If your love were unselfish you would think of me as being free from years of suffering."

"Now I see it all; I weep only because I am lonely without you. I did not realize my grief was selfish, and I shall never again forget."

She turned to go, but, when she reached the door, stood with her

hand on the knob, and said, "Write and tell sister Gene all I've told you."

"Oh, no! I am sure she would much rather have you tell her as you have told me; so please go to her at once."

With a sad look, she said: "I did go, but she would not listen to me."

The following morning I wrote a letter to Gene, telling her of my remarkable dream and how happy I was; but her reply took all the joy away. It was: "Your grief for your sister has, I fear, affected your mind; I too had just such a dream, but I gave it little attention; you must do the same." My happiness vanished as I read these words, for I thought, perhaps I had been foolish to be comforted by a *dream;* and once more I was tormented by doubt.

Again in my dream my sister in her ethereal form stood beside me, with a look so full of disappointment that I was filled with remorse. I wept bitterly while she soothed and comforted me. "Come with me, Ellana," she said, as she led the way to a small room, where sat my sister Gene. Nell went over to the side of the room and, removing a huge slab of stone, brought out the casket holding her dead body, and after lifting the lid said, "Look, Ellana." I clasped my hands in ecstacy as I saw the still, marble-like form before me, and exclaimed, "Oh, I've wanted you so much."

After a few moments, touching my arm and pointing to the lifeless form, she asked: "Is that what you really want? If so, and your desire is great enough, you shall have it." My heart leaped with joy at the thought of having my wish granted; but as I turned and saw the new and beautiful transformed figure of Nell, a terrible shudder ran through me, almost overpowering me. I covered my face with my hands. "Oh, no, I don't want it," I cried; "I want you as you are now;" and begged her to replace the casket lid. She did so; then sat down beside me holding my hands. I knew now that I was forever satisfied, and laughingly told her so.

Then Gene spoke from her place on the opposite side of the room: "How can you laugh over your sister's body?" Again I smiled and said: "You're not dead, are you, Nell?" "No dear, but be kind to Gene. She can't see me as you do." Then I woke with a feeling of perfect peace and contentment, knowing that never again should I be saddened by the thought of separation from my sister. And as I lay thinking of my great happiness, I heard the distant ringing of Easter chimes which seemed to say: "She is not dead, but risen."

—Ella G. Kilpatrick.

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A Curate's Experiences

The announcement that the "coming acceptance of Spiritism by the Churches" was to be dealt with, and that a local curate would give his testimony in a sermon, entitled "Facts Worth Knowing," drew a crowded attendance at the Temple, Victoria-road South, Southsea.

Mr. Fletcher presided, and after a brief religious service introduced the speaker, who although described as a curate was not attired in clerical garb.

"I do not look like a clergyman, he said in opening, "because I have not got on my dog collar." He explained that he would rather not state his name, or any such personal particulars, because his stipend upon which he and his wife depended for their very bread and butter, would be endangered if it should be known that he had been speaking. He had been already "called over the coals" for preaching sermons which, he said, "made people's hair stand on end." It might be said he was a coward for remaining in the Church, but to that he replied that he was compelled to consider those dependent upon him. After this opening, the speaker related some of the early difficulties he experienced after his ordination for the ministry, which was in connection with one of the Free Churches. He had been always urged to be transparently honest in the pulpit, and because he had endeavored to be so, by preaching what was regarded as Spiritism, of which he maintained the Bible was full from one end to the other, he was "starved out of the church." The same thing occurred in his next two churches. After that he read the works of men like Wilberforce, and talked with Vicars of the Church of England "who had an open mind," and who believed in Spiritism. He also spoke to seven Bishops, "not one of whom would touch him with a pitchfork." But one Bishop at length accepted him, and he was, therefore, received into the Church of England. At present he was a curate, but his object was to become a vicar, as then the authorities could not interfere with his salary, and he would be free to preach what he felt to be the truth. In the Church of England he knew of dozens of clergymen who believed in Spiritism, and would preach it if their incomes were guaranteed. Some people might say that they were cowards, and that they should not remain in the Church. But where were they to go? In his own case, because he dared to preach what he regarded as the truth, he was nearly starved. He contended that the existing organization of Christianity was hardening the mind against the truth. It was impossible to get the average clergyman to open his mind if he felt that everything was settled in a creed. They were expected to accept certain creeds and certain forms and ceremonies, which had really nothing to do with "light" or Christianity, but unless they accepted them the Bishops would refuse to receive them into the Church. The speaker maintained that Spiritism was the great uniting force of all religions. Last Sunday, for instance, he was officiating at a very "high" church. Next Sunday he should be doing so at a church that was the exact reverse in its views. All such distinctions were to him mere rubbish, but if he could assist in the spiritual life of either he was only too pleased to do so. That was the essence of Spiritism, and it was only the most bigoted who refused to believe in it.—*Telegraph*, Portsmouth, England.

The Two Worlds

By Dr. Percy Dearmer

(Formerly of St. Mary's Church, London)

THE sorrows of the War were certain to increase among very large sections of the world that interest in the condition of the departed which has been growing into a science during the last fifty years. At the same time, alas! it was certain that many Churchmen would meet this inevitable movement by raising the old cry against "spiritualism," and by denouncing all attempts to be in communication with the next world as "dangerous," and even as "diabolical."

There is a danger, indeed, but the danger lies in the denunciation. The Church is being tempted to repeat the great mistake she made in our fathers' time, when she set herself against the vast scientific dicoveries that are associated with the name of Darwin. The Church —the Anglican Church, at least—did not officially oppose natural science; but the consensus of her bishops, clergy, and leading laymen was sufficiently strong to produce the impression that she did oppose it; and indeed the accepted theology of the day was incompatible with the new discoveries of science. Since that time we have been laboring to undo the harm that was then done to religion. But since that time, also, another science has been steadily and very surely growing up, a science that concerns religion even more intimately and profoundly. The danger today for the Church is that she may oppose to psychical science the same unreasoning blend of enmity and fear with which, so disastrously for herself, she met physical science in the time of Darwin.

To many thinking people who are not hostile to her, the Church is on her trial, and a continued failure to understand and to inspire science and art and social and international problems will wind up her history. She has all over Europe been "decimated" (to use the favorite understatement of journalists) by her past failures to discern the signs of the times; and in doing so she has fallen short of Christ. People are saying that the truest Christianity is to be found outside the Churches; and—though there is exaggeration in the saying—missionaries, in justifying Christianity to well-informed Asiatics, do find themselves frequently appealing for evidence to Christendom as a whole rather than to the organized Churches.

Psychical research is likely to be for the twentieth century what physical research was for the nineteenth—the power that will revolutionize our view of life. Its foundations have been already solidly laid by many years of patient and exacting scientific work. We are not at the end of that work, only at the beginning; but enough has been already done to convince almost all those who have investigated most closely and critically, of the survival of human personality after death as a fact scientifically ascertained. Just when physical science seemed to have landed Europe in agnosticism and despair, the psychic investigators began to find light—light about the central postulate of religion,

the faith without which Christianity is vain, the greatest and boldest hope of Western civilization. It was a hope which to many great intellects seemed to have been latterly destroyed; and many a devout parent has seen with anguish the hope of immortality fade in the mind of his children. Those who have been among our soldiers know how greatly they are preoccupied with questionings about immortality—suddenly become for them the most urgent, as it must always be the greatest, of all questions; and how many hold no faith about immortality, but only a hope, a faint hope with not a few, while many have no hope at all.

Is it nothing to the Church that this faith—upon which not only life itself in any tolerable form, but ultimately the existence of God Himself, must rest—should at this time be receiving steadily growing scientific proof? It must be of enormous importance, since the modern mind, trained in the appreciation of fact, cries out for proof. "If immortality be true, there *must* be some evidence for it." There must, surely. The veil, we are sometimes told, is never lifted. Yet, if God is good, what purpose can there be in screening off every particle of evidence about that which concerns us most? The history of the Christian Church teems with evidence to the contrary; and the Church has registered the fact in an article of the Creed, "I believe in the Communion of Saints."

Is it all nothing to the Church today? To great numbers of Church people it is worse than nothing: any form of communion that is actually *with* the saints departed is an evil and a wicked thing, to be divulged in confession and repented of. They are not merely sceptical; they are as angry as the materialistic scientist, with whom they find themselves in ill-consorted alliance. As St. Paul found with the Sadducees, it requires some courage to confess that one has seen through the veil and had evidence from the next world. One wonders for the cause of this prejudice. Perhaps it is partly because all the evidence that accumulates is dead against those strange, horrible and unchristian ideas which were once well-nigh universal, and are still in the blood of most of us—the Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, the Calvinist doctrine concerning hell, and the popular doctrine of corruption pending a more or less vaguely hoped for resurrection at the end of the world—perhaps millions of years hence. The Roman authorities have no alternative; they do not disbelieve in the conversation of saints, but they see in spiritualism a rival power, more dangerous than freemasonry, because it crumbles down the elaborately constructed theories of purgatory and indulgences. It is not possible for them to throw over the whole system of mediaeval accretions; so they are compelled to make a wall round it, and to declare spiritualism a sin. But they will pay a heavy price for the obscurantism before this century is over; and in the meantime it is madness for other Christians, who have already thrown over those accretions, to follow their example.

Meanwhile our departed friends are not going to leave us alone. The passing of materialism is removing spiritual defects on this side that have made communication rare during the last two or three

centuries. For it has never been a question of a "veil." The reason why communication is difficult is because all communication of spirit through matter is difficult. That difficulty has been overcome in this world by extraordinarily subtle machinery in the ear, the brain and other organs: none the less it remains an insolvable problem for psychologists *how* thought can be conveyed by material vibrations from one mind to another. I turn my thought into air-waves, which are caught up by the ear of another person and transformed into thought again. That leap from spirit to matter is unexplained, is strictly inconceivable. Yet it happens continually. To realize this perpetual miracle is to begin to see why it is still more difficult for those living under spiritual conditions to communicate with us. They have to get hold of some material means for passing their thought through our material machinery of the senses into our minds. It is irrational to laugh at mediums or table turning, or any of the methods, primitive as they probably are, by which the difficulty is overcome: one might as well laugh at human speech by calling it tongue-twisting or larynx-squeezing. The point is that human beings in this life are not normally capable of receiving articulated ideas except through the usual machinery of the senses. The whole of religious experience is, of course, evidence that there *are* other ways; and the first discoveries of psychic science proved (for it is proved now) that telepathy is also a way. It is likely enough that in future ages a type of man more spiritually developed will smile, and have a right to smile, at the earlier crude means of communication. Already in quite recent years automatic writing, and inspirational writing, have come to the fore; and some already use meditation pure and simple as a means of conversation with spirit friends. But the facts remain—first, that very few would accept as evidence a communication that just floated into their brain: they would not be at all sure that it was not merely their own thought; and secondly, since in our present stage nearly all men do require the normal apparatus of the senses, a person in the next world is obliged to use some means for getting into touch with those senses.

The thing is simple enough. Those who have "died" have merely changed their manner of existence—and changed it enormously for the better. Loving us not less but more than before, they naturally desire to get into communication with us. But the difficulty, inherent in the very nature of things, is to get their thought into our thought without the physical machinery whereby we are accustomed to make vibrations in the air or the ether and thus to appeal to the ear or the eye. This difficulty is so great (especially in an age immersed in material things) that, instead of our being sensibly surrounded by clouds of witnesses in communication with us (which is what *prima facie* one would expect), conversation between the two planes of life is so rare that most people do not believe in it, and in the last century most people were horrified at the very idea. There was thus, until within the last few decades, no scientific evidence, but only a certain amount of hearsay (so far as most people were concerned), mingled with a good deal of credulity and superstition.

But there are some people born more sensitive to spiritual impressions than others. Some have this quality united to creative

gifts, and become poets, artists, seers, prophets. Others have it merely as a gift of receptiveness. To those in the spirit-world these "sensitives" are the ear of humanity. Through them, through their matter, thought can be conveyed to other human beings by the ordinary material sense-organs. We generally call these sensitives by the rather ugly name of medium, which had perhaps better be dropped because of the prejudice it evokes. People—for instance, even religious people, who should avoid uncharitable and evil speaking—constantly repeat that mediums become morally and mentally ruined, without attempting to ascertain whether there is any truth in the statement. (I have heard the same remark made about men who became bishops, and also about actors and actresses; and I have myself known a few individuals who have deteriorated on becoming clergymen.)

There are, then, two conceivable ways by which a person without the body can communicate with those within. One is by direct communication with the mind. This is probably the best way; but it is not evidential, and it requires a high degree of spirituality. The other is for the person without to use the bodily organs of a sensitive—whether the sensitive speaks, or writes, or merely spells out words by moving a table, is a matter of small import. This use of a sensitive is the only way that can carry conviction to most people; for it is capable of investigation and proof, the proof being stronger the more completely all possibility of telepathy is excluded. It is *very* common for a sensitive to tell a visitor all sorts of true things that the sensitive does not know; and the cumulative evidence of this becomes very strong, since the telepathy required would be of a marvellous nature. We do not admit the possibility of such unprecedented telepathy in legal evidence, because if we did no conviction would ever be possible—we should have always to admit that a witness might be telepathically instructed by the accused or by counsel. Now evidence of this sort—more than sufficient to hang a man—is occurring in hundreds upon hundreds of centers every day all over Europe and America. Thousands of people are being convinced, for the legal standard of evidence is sufficient for most minds. It is only the strictly scientific inquirer in psychic research who demands more, and accepts no evidence except that from which all possibility, of the most unlikely degree, of telepathy has been completely excluded. Such is the evidence offered by great investigators like Myers, Barrett, or Lodge.

It is certainly the duty of any religious teacher to study such works as these, and to acquire some knowledge of the science of psychic research. For all who have not done this, a quiet humility is the only reasonable attitude of mind. To denounce spiritualism without having studied the evidence is an act of folly which one would think incredible were it not common and unabashed. In the interests of religion it is our duty to press upon all the duty of humble and God-fearing inquiry, and to support those who give of their best in order to try the spirits.—*The Challenge.*